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GUY, THE KING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ANNE L. MUZZEY.

Hail, the King! Let all the loyal
Worshippers of greatness bow
Unto him who wears the royal
Crown of goodness on his brow!
Not in earthly song or story
Is he famed, but angels sing,
While they count his deeds of glory,
"Guy, the King!"

Mighty in the power of schooling
The strong passion of his breast,
Powerful in the might of ruling
Every action for the best,
Kingly state he doth inherit,
Princely honors round him cling
For he ruleth his own spirit,
Guy, the King!

He opposeth Truth to Error,
And the dastard foes of Right
Flee in hasty, white-lipped terror
From his stern, rebuking sight
He would scorn to wrong another,
Not for empires would he wring
Vantage from his weaker brother,
Guy, the King!

Wealth and fame he hath not any,
Worldly honors he hath few,
For on earth, alas! are many
Scorners of the good and true
But he goeth on unfearing
Slander's bite and envy's fling,
Smiling at the world's cold sneering,
Guy, the King!

He is patient in affliction,
He is calm when storms arise,
For he knows Heaven's benediction
Falleth often in disguise.
He is happy in the station
Fate or fortune please to bring,
If he hath God's approbation,
Guy, the King!

Sceptered power is fearful ever,
Thrones and empires topple down,
But usurping hands can never
Snatch away this sovereign's crown!
Loyal hearts! oh, rally round him,
Let his praises bravely ring,
For the God of Glory crowned him
Guy, the King!

THE DANE.

A STORY OF THE TROPICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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INTRODUCTORY.

This colony of British Guiana is a fitting land for mysteries. Never were forests half so grand—and their wonderful depths seem haunted. Here there are dreamy-eyed beauties—the delicate tinting of whose cheeks is like that of the Southern flowers.

These fair Creoles look out at you from vine-latticed windows; you hear them singing to the tinkling touch of the guitar; see the fall of delicate laces—perhaps a white hand flashing amid roses.

Or you pass Government-House—supposing the city to be Georgetown, Demerara—and the grim, black guards at the gate, very tall and stately, give you a half military salute if you are a stranger. You hear the great band, of which the citizens are proud, play "God save the Queen!"—for these are the dominions of her Majesty—and you enter the wide square, thronged with equipages blasoned with arms—thronged with citizens—with nurses and their charges.

Here and there you meet with a quadroon even more beautiful than many of the white-fingered ladies in the carriages. Each of these dark beauties has a life-experience that would perhaps thrill you in the recital.

I have been thinking over the romance of a strangely chequered existence—a most eventful career, with the incidents of which a friend has acquainted me—and I have come to the determination of writing its full particulars, notwithstanding some of them will be regarded as the offspring of the wildest fancy. But in this as in so many histories, the most improbable is the most reliable.

In a few words, I must relate some previous facts to my readers, before I enter upon the leading incidents of my story. Let them imagine a young girl—a mere child—living in a mean and dingy habitation, with a man in whom the love of gold had eaten out every sentiment of nobleness and pity and honor. That child was Ardella St. Lemoine—that man was the guardian to whose care she had been intrusted, when her father, after the death of his wife, left Guiana on a distant voyage. This guardian had passed for a man of high integrity—but when the news came of the wreck of the ship in which Mr. St. Lemoine had embarked, and the loss of all on board, then the desire to appropriate to himself the large property of St. Lemoine, of which property he was sole agent and manager, led naturally to abuse and neglect of the orphaned child.

KIAN'S WARNING.

But we shall not linger on this picture. In truth it might have been omitted altogether, save for its connection with another prominent personage of our story. While Ardella St. Lemoine was thus seemingly the child of penury, and really the child of want—she became acquainted with a boy, a young Dane, of hot and impetuous temper, who had deserted from a merchant vessel in the harbor. This boy constituted himself her champion upon all occasions, fighting her battles as far as possible, and taking from his own slender stores anything that he thought would please or benefit her. It was one of those desperate cases of "boy-love," which, however much they may amuse grown people, are matters of terrible earnest to the boys themselves.

But Mr. St. Lemoine returned, though not until many years had elapsed—returned to appal his false friend, to take possession of his large estate, and to find his child, almost sick unto death from the treatment she had received, an inmate of the dwelling of a Mr. Mandeville, whose daughters had been attracted by the looks of the little Ardella and her evident suffering, and who had taken her, almost in defiance of her sordid guardian, into their own comfortable home.

With these prefatory remarks, touching matters which it is not necessary to refer to more in detail, we may commence our story.

CHAPTER I.

THE SPLENDID DWELLING.—THE MINIATURE.

"Come here, Manuel; what means that strange red glow in your eyes?"

"The little child is to get well, sir," replied the boy, his features working with internal satisfaction.

"Did the physician say so?" asked Mr. St. Lemoine, who, quite exhausted by recent sickness, spoke in faint tones.

"Yes, sir—he says she will get well now, quick," replied the boy, the eager look yet brightening his face.

"Good, Manuel—thank you; you bring me news that will help me rally from this shock better than medicine. And now," said he, "as he clasped the boy's brown hand in his own—"you are a noble fellow. What can I do for you?"

"For me?" asked the boy, glancing round vaguely.

"Yes—what are you doing?—what work, I mean?"

"I work not at all now," said the boy, with an uneasy look—"been long away; have nothing to do."

"Well—will you live with me? I am Della's father; I will take care of you, and you shall work for me—or study, if you like it."

"With you? with *her*?" cried the boy, his whole frame trembling with the thought."

"Yes, if she lives, poor thing," said the man, tenderly.

"She must live!" said the boy, solemnly.

"God grant it," was the low, fervent reply, "but—will you go with me?"

"Anywhere," replied the lad.

It was a long time before the poor, pale child could be removed to the beautiful apartments her father had caused to be furnished for her pleasure and convenience. It seemed like a dream to her, the terrible past—the strange present that surely must dissolve before her eyes. The cool, high rooms, with their mirror panels, their snow-white mattings, exquisite hangings of lace; the devoted servants, all eager to obey her lightest word; and then Manuel, handsome eyed Manuel, who could be trusted to drive her in the little pony phaeton, and whose every glance even now was worship—Manuel, with the strong arms to bear her whenever exertion became painful—Manuel, not her servant, but her submissive slave, docile as he was to none but her.

It was very natural, now, to suppose that Ardella St. Lemoine was an heiress.

But the years were passing, and Della must be educated as became her station. Her health was very delicate, and the doctors advised that she should be sent to England; so it was decided that she was to return with Lucy Mandeville, who was only four or five years her senior, and who, during the illness of the child, had become much attached to her.

When Della heard the news she was quietly pleased. As for Manuel, the thought that he must lose his idol, even for a time, drove him nearly frantic.

"Can I not go with you, Miss Della?" he asked repeatedly. "Who will look after you as I can? Who will you have to drive you and walk with you? I had rather die than stay at home without you," he cried, passionately.

So the little lady went to her father, and gravely requested that Manuel might accompany her to school.

Mr. St. Lemoine threw back his head and laughed.

"The boy is wild," he said. "No, no, the *good ladies will see that you are taken proper* care of. Besides, he is just getting to be of use to me—he is going to be a capital secretary—he writes my letters—so my little Della must go without her cavalier."

And Della went back as gravely to tell poor Manuel with a sad face that he must stay at home.

Then the youth frightened her with his vehemence.

"You will forget Manuel—you will never remember him who was your friend no more! I shall be as nothing to you—you who are growing up so beautiful! Well, well, go,—be ungrateful! It was *I* that took you up and held you to my bosom when you fell from the window in the old time. I, too, helped nurse you back to life—oh, Della! you are wicked—you are cruel!"

"But what shall I do?" said the child, the tears already falling from her eyes, "it is—it must be as papa says."

"Oh, very well! Go and forget poor Manuel, whose whole life is bound up in you!" he cried, passionately, and flew up the stairs, where he paced the floor like an angry lion, that ominous red in his eyes gleaming now like the lurid fire of the battle-field, his whole frame quivering with emotion.

"Seven years, perhaps ten," he cried, wringing his hands. "She will then grow into a woman and forget me—a beautiful woman, and others will love her. She, too, may love! No, I swear! she *must* love only me! I will make her!" and his eyes glared again. "But stop—I will write good—I will perhaps write her father's letters—then, it may be, he will let me say one word to her. I will learn—I will study the English perfect—I will be a gentleman! I will make money; she *shall* love me!" and lifting himself proudly, he ceased to complain.

Della was sent to England. The ship sailed grandly down the bay—the gigantic palm trees lessened in the distance—the beautiful flowering hedges seemed now an indistinct line along the coast, and Manuel, who had remained long after Mr. St. Lemoine had driven home in his carriage, walked the stelling in painful agitation. Should he ever see her again?—Would she not forget him! No, she should never do that! He would contrive, in some way, to keep her in remembrance.

Meanwhile, to kill the tedious hours of absence, Mr. St. Lemoine determined to erect a palatial residence in the neighborhood of Georgetown. He chose the site where then stood the ruins of an old French chateau, and procuring laborers, set them immediately to work. The grounds where once the scarlet flowers of the coffee-berry luxuriated amidst the glorious greenness of the tropical foliage, were now filled with a dense growth of underbrush. This was soon cleared away, new trees were planted, borders made, walks planned and arbors erected.

It is almost incredible to the northern comprehension how short a time suffices for the growth of vegetation. I have seen a tree lopped till it was almost branchless, and in a few weeks it seemed wholly restored to its former luxuriance.

Mr. St. Lemoine spared no expense in the furtherance of his splendid project. He imported laborers by the dozens. The water of the river was forced by pipes into marble fountains, and through the most exquisitely carved mouth pieces jetted its silver showers. The rarest flowers were brought from all the conservatories, English and South American.—There might be seen the gorgeous-plumaged humming-birds, the metallic lustre of whose wings vied with the no less vivid tints of surrounding beds of roses. Grottoes were constructed of shells and corals, and through their midst, on the whitest sand, murmurous streams trickled. Toucans, with their beautiful beaks, black and yellow mocking-birds, whose brightness was as that of the sun, kept up their continual dance in and out among the shrubbery. The house was a miracle of beauty. The walls were dazzlingly white, and the French jalousies, of all colors, gave it a truly tropical, and therefore picturesque appearance. The halls and the floors of the lower rooms were of tesselated marble; the furniture was covered with white damask, and the Indian matting was curiously and delicately inwrought. The bedsteads were of iron painted white and gilded, and furnished with curtains of lace and silk, while the apartment intended for Della, when she should return to her tropic-home, was a miracle of grace and splendor.

Years elapsed before all things were completed, and in the meantime Manuel was growing in favor with St. Lemoine. The young man was now twenty, tall, well formed, and of a handsome, but singular, countenance. His deep eyes still retained their peculiar tinge—the iris seeming shotted with red, that, in times of unusual feeling or excitement, glowed with a strange fire. One would not have known the Danish cabin boy in the elegant young man, the secretary, ostensibly, of St. Lemoine, but treated by him as if he were a son. The young man had perfected himself in the English language; he had also, through the kindness of a young officer who often shared the hospitality of St. Lemoine's castle-house, acquired a good knowledge of music, and performed well on several instruments.

St. Lemoine was sociable in an eminent degree. His housekeeper was a pretty creole, with the slightest tinge of the Mustee in her complexion, and she performed the duties of her station in a most agreeable manner. During the prevalence of the land-trades, while the stifled atmosphere in the city carried disease and pestilence with it, St. Lemoine's doors were thrown open to all his friends. Not a day passed that officers of the army, beautiful ladies, and the rich merchants, with men of the highest standing, did not drive up to the Everglades, as St. Lemoine had named his new home. Nearly every week the Governor of the Colony, with some of his suite, might be seen lounging and chatting in the great parlors of the English St. Lemoine, and not unfrequently men of note, tourists, authors, and noblemen were his welcome guests.

One evening a large company had assembled. The Governor was there, with his pretty niece, and his nephew, recently arrived in the colonies. Mr. Mandeville was also present, with one of his daughters, the fair Claudine, who, with her sister, had so assiduously nursed poor little Della into life.

Manuel was present, sitting near St. Lemoine, and close to him the young officer who had taken so much interest in the Dane's musical progress.

"Have you heard from Della lately?" asked the merchant, whose thoughts turned naturally towards the two fair girls so far from home.

"Oh, yes; Manuel here, writes every week, for really I am not equal to the task since my arm has been so lame," replied St. Lemoine.

"It is five years; she must be grown into quite a young lady," said the merchant, musingly.

At mention of Della, the Lieutenant gave an inquiring glance at Manuel, as much as to say—

"So there is a young lady in the case; why have you not told me before?"

"Yes, I should presume so," replied St. Lemoine, his face glowing with paternal fondness as he spoke of her.

"Miss Claudine perhaps would like to see her favorite. Manuel," he added, turning to the young man; "will you bring me the little box of white ivory on my secretary."

The Dane immediately left the room. There was a glow on cheek, forehead, and lip, and the lurid, lambent fire played in his eyes. He hurried to the room, and found the box. His heart beat wildly. The little casket trembled in his passionate grasp.

"It is she; I know it; I feel it," he said in low tones. "I will look—it is but right; only *one* stolen glance. I knew her and aided her before they did."

With shaking fingers he unclosed the lid, took the velvet case, enwrought with pearls, in his hand, opened it, and feasted upon the almost more than earthly beauty thus presented to his vision. Was that little Della? Could that glorious creature, with brow like ivory, and eyes like stars, be the once neglected, ragged, forlorn waif that he had seen and succored in her guardian's house?

Oh! what hopes, fears, doubts, longings, the the view of that fair image created in his mind! He loved her, had always loved her as no other could. He, he alone, had felt the beating of her heart against his breast. He alone had held her in his arms. *His* lips alone had pressed those lips, that forehead. A wild, exulting triumph filled his soul; he shut the case, and hurried below, his cheek hot, his eyes lighted with hope and eager, wild delight.

The picture was soon passed from hand to hand. Claudine was in raptures.

"The darling!" she exclaimed. "I see the same sweet smile of old! Ah! how I wish she were here!"

"So do I," said Mr. St. Lemoine. "I have, indeed, serious thoughts of sending for her. My Paradise wants an Eve," he added, laughing.

Manuel's heart beat with wild, quick throbs. By this time the miniature was in the possession of young Lieutenant Warren.

"She is most beautiful! most beautiful!" he repeated; after a searching look, and drawing a long breath, he turned again to Manuel, whose cheek flushed hotter and higher:—

"What eyes, what features, and what hair! The rare, true chestnut, dashed with a golden shade. Was she always as lovely? Is she as graceful, as *good*, as this picture presents her?"

"More graceful, more glorious!" murmured Manuel. "I have known her for a long time, and may be allowed to judge."

"Ah! what a face!" and the dark, handsome eyes scanned again the pictured lineaments. "I think I never saw its equal," he said low and softly, his rapt gaze still rivetted upon it. "I shall be so pleased to make her acquaintance!"

Manuel's eyes glowed with a sudden jealousy. For the first time he noted the tall, erect figure of his friend—his noble countenance, and the advantage given him by his brilliant uniform. To have him there with Della! to subject her to the fascinations of his smiles, his handsome presence, the allurement of his rank! There were three other persons who spoke without reserve, and seemed peculiarly charmed with the loveliness of the miniature. One of these was the Governor's nephew—by no means a handsome young man, yet not destitute of a certain kind of power, which ladies defer to, and sometimes admire more than beauty. The other was a middle aged gentleman, whose wealth was reported to be fabulous—a kind hearted man of amiable manners, whose silence passed for depth, and whose lightest saying was a marvel of wisdom not lightly listened to by those who reverenced his—gold.

The third was a nobleman, jaded with dissipation, yet retaining enough of his former beauty and *air distingue* to make him a great favorite with most ladies. He was an Earl, broken down, it is true, but passing for a man of abundant means; while it was little suspected that his stay in the colony, where he was a constant dinner-out, was rendered necessary by his poverty, and that save by an occasional run of luck at the gaming-table, he was often literally without a cent. Still, by dint of good dressing, and all the outside indications of means, he kept more than a good footing in society. He had long been on the look out for an heiress; here was one who suited him exactly.

I mention these three thus particularly, as it will be seen they have a melancholy connection with this story.

The Governor now stood near Mr. St. Lemoine, looking at the picture. He was a large, finely-formed man, looking all the dignity of his position.

"Really, if you are so thronged with visitors now," he said, laying it down as he spoke, "how will it be when this fair daughter of your house returns? You will hardly find room for them all."

"The Everglades is large enough," said Mr. St. Lemoine, "and I shall give the reins into her hands. She must take care of the company—as I have no doubt they will prefer. A young lady, attractive or otherwise, is more charming than an old man."

"I for one, shall be delighted to be her subject when she reigns Queen here," said the Governor's nephew, gallantly.

"Which will be shortly," replied Mr. St. Lemoine, "for I think I have decided to recall her. She will come probably by the next steamer but one, and as I shall give a grand *fete* in her name, and in honor of her arrival, prepare yourselves to meet her."

CHAPTER II.

THE DANE'S FIRST JEALOUSY.

Della—the great heiress, the beautiful child-woman was summoned home.

By letter of course, which was dispatched to the town. Manuel took charge of the missive. The young lieutenant, happening to be at the Everglades, accompanied him, and, to Manuel's great but secret annoyance, descanted perpetually upon the charms of the beautiful Della.

"She will be delighted with this noble place, which she has never seen," he said, looking around upon statue, fountains, flowers, fruits, and the glittering, imposing white walls of the mansion, arabesqued by the shadows of the myriad leaves. "And how pleasant it will be for you who will be always near her! I envy you."

Manuel urged his horse impatiently.

"How old did you say?" queried Lieutenant Warren, still pursuing the theme.

"Sixteen," replied Manuel, almost gruffly.

"Just the sweetest age of a woman. And think how fresh and blooming she will be!—just from the mother country. We have had no belles here for so long a time!—at least none so young and with such a lovely color. Ah! she will be besieged," and he ended with a sigh.

Manuel bit his lip, but betrayed by no other motion the fierce jealousy that was already burning at his heart. Safely depositing the letter—the young men rode back again, and as before with the lieutenant, his theme was Miss St. Lemoine.

"Suppose," he said, lightly, "suppose she comes as the affianced of some English gentleman—who knows?"

"I will shoot him!" cried Manuel, fiercely, the blood boiling in his veins, and his ungoverned passions flaming from his eyes.

"So, so!" thought Warren, after the first shock of the announcement was over, "the wind blows in that direction, does it?"

"Then you mean to constitute *yourself* her knight, to guard her from fiery dragons, in the shape of mustached gentry," he said, almost smilingly; "perhaps to keep her for some wary lover who has enlisted your services beforehand."

"Miss St. Lemoine can guard herself, I fancy," said Manuel, coldly; "and as for her lovers, wary or not, it will be well for them to keep out of *my* way," he added, his anger again welling up.

"What do you mean?" asked the lieutenant.

"What I say," was the almost fierce reply.

"Then I am to understand that no one must be civil to Miss St. Lemoine, in your presence," said the officer, in tones somewhat irritated and full of sarcasm.

"Understand what you please," replied Manuel, morosely.

"Perhaps her father may have something to say in the matter. I take it you are not constituted Miss St. Lemoine's *sole* guardian."

"I am something that you never will be," said Manuel, grinding his teeth, and the red light of his eye ominous.

"Ah! her lover, maybe; well, rest assured I shall never dispute the claim of so noble a gentleman as yourself;" and before the Dane could move his livid lips to form a reply, the lieutenant had put spurs to his horse and galloped on. Manuel shook his clenched fist in the air, and registered a vow which he fulfilled to the letter.

The next steamer brought glad tidings from Della. She was so delighted to be recalled home! Manual glowed and quivered from head to foot, as he read the innocent missive. Her pets were mentioned; "had Manuel, the dear, good fellow! been very careful to attend to them? Would he hold himself in readiness to be her cavalier again! because he must remember she knew no one there, and should be lonely; and did he ever think of the old walks he took with her?"

"I wonder what you would give for a like token, Mr. Lieutenant?" murmured Manuel, pleasantly.

Did he think she should like her new home? and she asked many questions that it would be only possible to answer to the living presence, as she would come before a letter could reach her.

At last the looked-for, longed-for hour arrived. The great cannon thundered in the harbor, the flag of England swung in the tropical breeze, boats dotted the waters for a mile around, the docks and wharves lined with people, resounded with shouts of welcome.

In his magnificent barouche—a recent importation—sat Mr. St. Lemoine, his face radiant, his locks, silvered a little, streaming from his forehead, as at each shout of enthusiasm he lifted his hat and waved it.

"Manuel, do you go aboard for my little lady," he said; "it will be impossible for me, in my present state of health, a gouty foot and a rheumatic arm. I will wait her coming in the carriage."

To no more willing person could he have delegated his office than the handsome young secretary. Choosing a beautiful little boat, over which was hung a crimson canopy, and whose stern was brightly cushioned and laid with carpets, he was soon rowed out to the great ship that sate her throne of waters stately as a sovereign.

Long before he reached the steamer, his quick eye had singled out Della. That graceful creature, standing near the door of the cabin, a little hat with soft gray plumes encircling it set lightly on her head, one hand clasped in that of Miss Mandeville—that was certainly she—he could not be deceived. She appeared to be talking with much animation; her eyes sparkled, while one uplifted hand was pointing out objects along the banks.

Manuel could not speak as he leaped up the ladder, and stood breathlessly but gracefully before her. She gazed for a moment, scanning his face rapidly, then holding out her hand with that sweet smile of old, she said,

"You must be Manuel."

"You are right, Miss Della," he said, with a bow and a glance that brought the color to her cheek.

"But where is my father?"

"On shore, waiting for you. His lameness detained him in the carriage or he would have come."

"Dear father!" murmured the beautiful creature, "I have longed to see him! But—but Manuel—how you are grown! and changed, somewhat; I should not have known you."

"Have I grown entirely out of your remembrance?" he asked.

"Oh! no, indeed; as I look at you now, you are the same Manuel—the friend and playmate of my childhood Well, everything is ready, I believe. I am so impatient to see my father! Shall we go?"

It was not long before Mr. St. Lemoine held his daughter to his heart. His eyes feasted upon her ripened beauty; he was more than gratified—he was enraptured with her appearance; and in anticipation, saw the triumphs that arched the path of her bright future. Rapidly they drove home, Della all joy, all glad triumph—up the broad avenue, and a scene of splendor burst upon the bewildered girl.

"Is this my home, father? Why it is a palace. Did you think of me when you arranged these beautiful gardens? Thank you, oh, thank you, for bringing me to fairy land. Oh, the fountains! the statues! the dear singing birds, in their silver cages!" and she clapped her hands childishly.

"We are to have you all to ourselves today," said her father, "so don't disturb yourself with the ceremonies of the toilet; we can't spare you a moment from our sight."

"We!"

Manuel glowed from head to foot, exultantly. To Della there was nothing peculiar or familiar in her father's speech, but she looked up to Manuel with glad, innocent eyes, as to a brother. The house was fit for a queen, she declared.

"How did you ever think of such beautiful things?" she asked her father. "No princess could have a more regal boudoir than I, little Della St. Lemoine."

And so she ran singing about the house, till the very servants caught the infection, and the whole household seemed to echo her ringing laugh.

"And here, too, is a superb piano! How thoughtful of my dear father!" she exclaimed, entering one of the grand parlors, and seeing the magnificent instrument thrown open, as if ready for her touch. "Here also is music, marked—who plays here, sir! Surely not my father. Does my father play, Manuel?"

"No, Miss St. Lemoine," was his reply. His cheek was as red as that of a blushing school-girl.

"Miss St. Lemoine—oh pray don't call me that"—said the beautiful girl, carelessly striking a few chords—"say Della, for really I don't know myself by the other address, especially while I am at home."

As she played, Manuel turned over the music. Surprised at his accuracy, Della looked up with the exclamation—"Why, Manuel! I think it is you who play."

"A little," was his confused reply.

"Then let me hear that little," she said, rising and yielding the seat to him.

Manuel obeyed. After he had played a set of quadrilles, Della expressed her admiration. Her looks plainly said, "who would have thought it of him and he only a servant?"

"I play but indifferently," replied the young man, throwing the heavy locks from his brow. "I am, however, acquainted with Lieutenant Warren, a young gentleman who is an admirable performer, and who has been in a measure my instructor."

He gazed at her sideways, as if to mark, stealthily, the effect of his words.

"Lieutenant Warren," exclaimed Della, placing strong emphasis on the title. "A soldier! Oh! is he young? is he handsome? For you must know, Manuel, we school-girls dote on soldiers," she added, innocently.

The heavy music book fell from the instrument with a crash, apparently by accident. Manuel stooped to lift it; a sudden movement of his hand had dashed it down. Now as his eyes met hers, she marked the minute, red lines, like the spokes of a mimic wheel, radiating from the pupils. The frown that for a moment darkened his face was awful, and she involuntarily shrunk back.

"I am very careless," he said, smilingly; but the smile was neither frank nor innocent; it was indescribable.

"Well, and what do you think of Manuel, my dear?" asked her father, before she retired for the night.

"He is grown tall, and very fine-looking, certainly; but—I don't—quite—think—I like him—that is, as well as I did. Perhaps, because he is as a man more reserved than he used to be; and he treats me too much as if I were a woman grown."

"And pray what are you, child?" asked Mr. St. Lemoine, with a puzzled and amused look.

"Your own little Della," said the beautiful girl, falling within his outstretched arms. "Now don't you go to thinking I am a grown lady. I assure you I am almost as much a child as I used to be."

"God bless you, then, my child!" said Mr. St. Lemoine, with emphasis.

For the first time in her life, Della retired to a room wholly her own. She had chosen for a dressing-maid, an intelligent young mulatto girl, and her father had added another servant, a duenna-like old negress, who had for years been an attendant on his wife. She was wierd and wrinkled, tall and bony; her features, notwithstanding her African lineage, were hawklike, and her eyes, deep-set, possessed that peculiar, out-looking, searching glance, that makes the most common-place face remarkable. Her head was surmounted by a red and black turban, and her attire was somewhat fantastic.

CHAPTER III.

DIAMONDS. A LOVER. A PLOT.

"Master told me to show you these in the morning, but, perhaps you'd like to see them by lamp-light," said Rose, setting open the lid of a little casket, as Della entered the chamber.

"Oh, beautiful! beautiful!" cried Della; "real diamonds; how good! how kind of papa to surprise me so!"

"And the trunks there are full of elegant clothes he had sent from England," added Rose, as much pleased as her mistress, and pointing to several beautiful letter-wood boxes and trunks.

"I'll look at them to-morrow," said Della, laughing. "These diamonds have made my eyes ache."

"Hope they won't never make your heart ache, Miss Della," said the grim old negress, who had been arranging the curtains of the bed.

"Oh! no danger of that," responded Della, lightly. "Dear me, what a splendid place this is; I only wish it was an old castle—a romantic old place, with haunted rooms, and ghosts, and all that."

"Hush, hush! Miss Della, mustn't wish that," said Kian, in a low tone. "Your family is apt to be warned, as I know myself, and it isn't relishing to see speerits at any time, let 'lone the dead of night. I know what your mother thought of it—and she war warned, chile," she added, solemnly.

"Warned; pray what do you mean?" asked Della, pausing in the act of slipping her shoe from a little foot.

"Warned. I mean, chile, just what I says. De Lord he gives de fac'lty to some people, leastwise, *I* thinks it's de Lord, 'cause your mother, honey, was a good, pious, Christian woman. Yes it's true, chile, afore she married she war warned, and afore she died she war warned, and when you 's born, honey, she war warned worse dan all, that you's gwine to see lots o' trouble, anyhow!"

"La! now Kian, what you go to tell her that for?" cried Rose. "Miss Della, Kian very superstitious, so don't you mind her in the least."

"Sho! now, gal; better tell her not to mind me. I'll have my say!" exclaimed the old woman, almost spitefully. "I tell's you some people *is* warned, and its well they is; it puts 'em on deir guard. And more 'n dat, old Kian can tell ye—this very house stan's jist where old Gineral Vooster something lived. I never can speak the name, 'cause it's hard and a Dutch one. I tells you, honey, he was an awful man, and the place was called a chateo, and was a grand, handsome place; I've seen it often, and they did try to get me to go there when the old Gineral was in his last sickness; but, laws! child, I didn't dar; he was 'tirely too wicked for anybody to nuss. Well folks that did go there see sights, and they found bones in the cellar, and they knew people had been murdered there—so there was a room always haunted. It was exactly where this is, dear, and they say the windows would look red, and lighted up all night, whether anybody was at home or not. Well, 'twas an awful place, to be sure, and I a'most wondered at your father for buying it—'cause he bought the blood on it, miss, you know."

This wierd story, and the wierd looks of the old crone, could not but produce some effect upon the sensitive, merry-hearted girl. Rose saw that her cheek had grown pale, and tried her best to change the subject; but Kian loved more to talk of mysteries and marvels than she did to sit in the chimney corner in the morning, and smoke her old blackened pipe. At last her services were needed no longer, and she left the room. Rose had a couch near the bed of her young mistress, but the latter, fatigued though she was, found herself unable to sleep for hours. The whole burthen of her thoughts was her mother's warnings. She was naturally fond of, and easily impressed by the marvellous.

"I wonder if I shall be warned?" she murmured, as at last her wearied eyes closed languidly, and soon she was buried in tranquil slumbers.

On the following day, as the sun shone broadly into the chamber, and the morning wind made melody in the tops of the palm-trees, Della, refreshed by her night's repose, forgot its unpleasant prelude. Strange to say, she had not dreamed of unearthly things, but of the time when she was a little child, and Manuel her only playmate.

"My little princess must prepare for visitors to day," said her father, gaily, as he met her in the breakfast room. "It is my reception-day, and I wonder what they will say to my rose—my little English girl?"

"They will say I was very awkward and uncomfortable, I fear, when they go," said Della, blushing.

"If they do, and Manuel or I overhear it, we'll forbid them the house, won't we, sir? But I'm not afraid. There are not many such blooming cheeks in the city of Georgetown."

Della laughed and blushed at her father's praise. As to Manuel, he could scarcely eat, so intent was he upon serving and gazing upon her. If she spoke to him, every pulse thrilled an answer before his lips had fashioned it. Alas, it was deadly worship.

After breakfast, Della prepared for the expected guests. Lovely she looked when she came gliding down to gain her father's approval.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" he said. "Della, you are like your mother. But see, the carriages are coming. Ah! ha! there is our brave Lieutenant Warren; and there, too, are the Governor, his niece, and nephew. How proud I shall be to present them to my daughter!"

The guests were ushered in by the liveried servants. Manuel looked on with glowing eyes, while the introductions were taking place. His jealousy made his face dark, as he noted the glance of genuine admiration that had something more in it than surprise, with which the young Lieutenant and the Governor's nephew regarded her. He saw that Della was pleased with both young men, but that she preferred the handsome, sprightly Lieutenant, who had evidently made up his mind to captivate the fair girl if he could. Never had his appearance been so prepossessing. His uniform was new, he had taken extraordinary pains with his toilet, and his manners were even more polished and graceful than usual. He chatted, told lively, witty anecdotes, played charmingly, sang ballads, and looked his admiration so effectually, that the color rose in Della's cheek, and her eyes were cast down when he addressed her. Manuel, from his standpoint, saw all, and felt the acutest pangs of jealousy. He ground his teeth as he mentally compared the handsome soldier's chances with his own. The son of a noble family—a hero—having earned promotion in the war; handsome, accomplished, initiated in all the arts of social intercourse; a charming singer, and accustomed to the society of women: while he was unknown, poor, of obscure origin, and little better than a menial in reality, in spite of all the advantages he enjoyed."

"Our military friend seems to be making fine progress," said a voice near him.

It was the nephew of the Governor who spoke; and presently he added—"Wait till Earl Tracy comes; if she does not yield up her present admirer, it is the first woman I have ever seen who is not flattered by the notice of a titled profligate."

This speech nettled Manuel still more, and as the other company were arriving, he ground his teeth, and hurried from the rooms. He could not bear to see even the look of admiration that another bestowed upon her. When some trifling order of Mr. St. Lemoine recalled him, what was his consternation to see Della hanging on the arm of the Earl, while M. Bernard, the richest man in all the colonies, stood transfixed on the other side.

"My little girl has taken them all by storm," said St. Lemoine, laughingly. "Yes, yes," he muttered, but not so low that Manuel could not hear, "Della would well become the coronet of a Countess; but I could not give her to him. Rather to M. Bernard who, with wealth, unites sterling honesty."

Manuel groaned internally at this speech. How he longed for the gay crowd to be gone! Yesterday, as St. Lemoine had expressed it, they had her all to themselves; to-day she had hardly spoken to, looked at him. In the presence of these men, he was a mere cypher. There was hate in his heart as he sauntered here and there, his eyes resting at all times unconsciously upon her.

"She is decidedly worth waiting for," murmured a low voice in his ear. He started as if stung. The handsome face of the Lieutenant was close beside him.

"I congratulate you," he said again, with a cool, ironical smile; "but I give you warning—all is fair in war—I—shall—try—to—cut—you—out."

Manuel was livid with anger. It was not so much the words as the manner that stung him. He conquered his passionate impulse, however, and replied in the same bantering tone—

"Do your best; but I have heard of soldiers who were shot in the back."

"Ha! that hint is untimely," said the other, still smiling, "we won't talk of shooting yet awhile," and walked rapidly away.

Out in the garden hurried Manuel to cool the fever in his veins. On and on he walked, until he came to a grove of mango trees. There, leaning against the trunk of one that was covered with creeping vines, he stood with folded arms, a prey to the gloomiest thought.

"Oh! I assure you it seems good to be among the fruits of my own country," said a musical voice, so near that Manuel almost sprang from his resting place. "You can't tell," continued the sweet girl, "how I longed for an orange, fresh plucked from the tree."

"And are the flowers so much more beautiful here than there?"

"Oh! yes; the English flowers are pale beside ours."

"I can testify to that; no flower there compares with one flower here," said the Lieutenant who walked beside her, while the Governor's nephew followed arm in arm with M. Bernard, and the Earl sauntered with the niece of his Excellency.

Della looked up, innocently. It was on her tongue to say, "What flower is that?" but his eye answered the question before it was asked.

"The coquette!" muttered Manuel savagely. "First one, and then the other—but that look! Yes, yes, I see, she prefers *him*; but let him beware! I have not worshipped her these long years for nothing. Friend as he was to me, I hate him now."

They passed by. Manuel was hidden by the luxuriant vines, and they did not see him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1860.

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

A MEDICAL SUGGESTION.

In China, as we have seen it stated, a different plan is pursued relative to the payment of physicians, from that which generally obtains in the rest of the world. The medical adviser of a family is paid a certain amount a year as a regular salary—for which he agrees to keep the family in health. If he does not succeed in so doing, his pay ceases entirely for the portion of time that any member of the family is sick. The idea being, as we suppose, to make it the interest of the physician to preserve the health of his patients, by using proper precautions against the first inroads of disease.

An arrangement somewhat of the same kind, has been recently proposed by an English physician in one of the London periodicals. His plan, however, does not extend so far as the forfeiture of pay in case of sickness; but only to the extent of the yearly regular salary, whether the family be sick or well. In urging his plan, Mr. Alexis Pildraught, as he calls himself, alludes to the difficulty often experienced by physicians in collecting their bills. He says:—

Sir John Dunderhead gave me last year a great deal of trouble. When first he met me after he had received my Christmas bill, he contrived coarsely to remind me that I knew he had a purse. My landlord has been, this year, among my patients; my bill has suggested to him the impression that I have a mind to give him a set off against my rent. I could seize the buttons of a dozen tradesmen who believe that I had their bills against me in mind when I made out the amount of mine to them. *Nobody likes paying the doctor.* Sickness itself has very likely made expenses during the past year unusually heavy or the earnings light, and then comes at the year's end a doctor's bill as extra charge, from which it is but natural that most people should flinch.

Then, too, the doctor's charges being beyond ordinary housekeeping calculations, and coming usually from a gentleman who is not likely to descend to the form of a dun, are often the last to be paid. Very long credit, three and four year's credit, is taken of me even by rich and titled patients. But, when Alexis Pildraught started in the world, he found it hard to live for the first few years of his professional life mainly on book debts.

Now, continues Mr. Pildraught, suppose that of the three hundred names upon my books, each agrees to pay me, according to his means, family, and average health, a fixed yearly sum of from ten to fifty dollars. This would give me a certain income, and be very little of a tax upon my patients.

There is something to be said in favor of this proposition of Mr. Pildraught's. For instance, it may be urged that it is somewhat in the character of a mutual assurance company—those in health, during any given year, paying a portion of the medical expenses of those out of health; and thus preventing a heavy burden, in the shape of the physician's bill, coming upon a man when he is generally least able to bear it.

In another light, the proposed plan may be advocated, as a simple *averaging* of the medical expenses of a family. Instead of paying five dollars this year, and fifty the next, and twenty the next, the family might pay with more ease from fifteen to twenty dollars every year. For the physician could afford to take less than the general average of his bills, because it is the large bills, under the present arrangement, that he is most apt to lose. For the serious sickness that brings a large bill, frequently brings death or poverty as its result—and thus cancels the physician's charges.

As giving the medical fraternity a direct interest in the preservation of the health of the people, the proposed arrangement might conduce to various sanitary reforms. As things now are, a physician often feels it beyond his province to make suggestions relative to matters which he knows are endangering the health of his usual employers. It is his business to cure—not to prevent sickness. But "an ounce of prevention," as the old adage says, "is worth a pound of cure." Might it not then be worth while to have an understanding with the family physician, that would make it his business to attend as much to the prevention as to the cure of the diseases which afflict us.

We therefore lay this suggestion of one who is himself a physician before our readers. Whether wise or unwise, no great harm can result from its consideration. And if any should think it worth while to test the plan in practice, doubtless there are many physicians who would come into the arrangement—in fact, we have reason to believe that such arrangements are occasionally made already, though not very frequently.

PATRIOTIC BLUNDERS.

One of the English journals says:—

But who, let us ask, is Heenan? He was born of Irish parents in America. The blood which flows in his veins is that which has been poured so freely on every battle-field where the armies of the Queen have triumphed. *Indeed, the difference between the rivals is only this—the parents of both were Irish, but the one couple migrated to England, and the other to the United States.* Sayers and Heenan in the prize ring, and Marshals McMahon and O'Donnell at the head of armies, appear to have derived their pugnacity from the same prolific soil.

So the "champions" of England and America are really, in truth, two *Irishmen*—for the mere incident of being born in a particular locality, amounts to very little as compared with the great fact of parentage. As an Irish peasant once wittily said, "because a man is born in a stable, it does not prove that he is a horse." Of course, adopting the opinion of the *London Times*, Ireland may now go up to the head of the nations; for "a nation without great qualities," could not have produced *two* such men. The "champion" of old England really one of the despised Irish—that is a pretty good joke!.

THE CONTINENTAL.

This great hotel—one of the largest in the Union, covering as it does about an acre of ground—is one of the "lions" of Philadelphia that every visitor from abroad should see. As the hotels of New York, with their abundant gilding and their general flashiness, represent the character of that city, so does the Continental represent Philadelphia. Its comparatively plain but solid dignity—its perfection of labor-saving and useful appointments—its general air of being constructed more for comfort than for show, are all in accordance with the sober character of our people. The Continental is owned by a Philadelphia company, and was built and furnished by Philadelphians; and built and furnished to suit Philadelphia ideas of what a hotel should be. We know it is customary with travellers to judge a town or city by its hotels—and the reputation of the present lessee of the Continental, as the manager of several of the best hotels in the Union, would seem to insure that nothing will be wanting in his department to conduce to the comfort and pleasure of his guests, and, as a consequence, to the good reputation of Philadelphia.

Toad Stools.—*Somebody writes us a long* article against what he calls the "toad stools" in our public squares. We have seen prettier and pleasanter articles for sitting upon—but then we expect these cost as much as a good article with a back ought to have cost; some city father furnishing them. We do not know this to be the case, but we always take it for granted that our legislators are guilty until they are proved to be innocent; as we would rather that ten of them who are innocent should suffer, than that one who is guilty should escape:

"The quality of mercy is not strained."

And we do not "strain" ours at all, when the politicians are concerned."

The Prince of Wales.—It is not generally known why the young Prince of Wales is coming to America? The reason undoubtedly is to cement the "*entente cordial*" between Great Britain and the United States, by a matrimonial alliance. The Prince has a difficulty in marrying in Europe, as he wants both a pretty girl, and one of his own rank; but in America his choice will be easy, as there are any number of the most beautiful girls in the world, and all are daughters of the "sovereigns."

A Pertinent Question.—The *New York Atlas*, in commenting upon the recent assertion of *Harper's Weekly*, that its publishers "are bound to supply the public with what they want, and have no power to control *their* choice," asks, whether "if the public should demand portraits of all the principal courtezans of the *rue de* Mercer, and the history of their amours, the proprietors of the *Journal* would feel bound to supply that demand?"

Walt Whitman.—In announcing a new and complete edition of the "Leaves of Grass," by Walt Whitman, his publishers call it "*America's first distinctive poem.*" We have not read the poem in question, but if we may trust the acumen of certain literary friends of ours, who always turn up their noses when it is mentioned, its publishers have made an error of a letter in spelling the word "*distinctive.*"

An Honorable Government.—The reader will find in our Paris letter, this week, an amusing account of a French police spy—showing how paternal and watchful a government that of Louis Napoleon's is, and how honorable and scrupulous it is in regard to the despatches sent by other Governments to their Ambassadors.

☞ Dollie Dutton still continues her levees at the Assembly Building. Being the Queen of the Fairies, she, of course, has her regular levees like any other monarch.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 203—Adults 91, and children 112.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

History of the Republic of the United States of North America, as Traced in the Writings of Alexander Hamilton and of his Contemporaries. By John C. Hamilton. Vol. VI. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Samuel Hazard, Jr., Philadelphia.

Plato's Apology and Crito; with notes. By W. S. Tyler, Graves Professor of Greek in Amherst College. Published by Appleton & Co., New York, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

Tilney Hall. A novel. By Thomas Hood. Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston; and for sale by Samuel Hazard, Jr., Philadelphia.

A Discourse on the Life, Character and Genius of Washington Irving. By William Cullen Bryant. Published by G. P. Putnam, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

The Throne of David; from the Consecration of the Shepherd of Bethlehem, to the Rebellion of Prince Absalom. By the Rev. J. H. Ingraham, L. L. D., author of the "Pillar of Fire," &c. Published by G. G. Evans, Philadelphia.

John Ellard, (Didley Dumps,) the Newsboy. Published by W. S. & A. Martien, 606 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

The Elementary Spelling Book. By Noah Webster, L. L. D. Published by Appleton & Co., New York, and for sale by S. Hazard, Jr., Philadelphia.

Exercises in French Syntax. By Fred. T. Wimmelman, A. M., Professor of Latin, French and German in the Packer Collegiate Institute of Brooklyn, N. Y. Published by Appleton & Co., New York, and for sale by S. Hazard. Jr., Philadelphia.

El Fureidar. By the author of "The Lamplighter" and "Mabel Vaughan." Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

Poems. By William H. Holcombe, M. D. Published by Mason Brothers, New York, and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Letters on the Divine Trinity, Addressed to Henry Ward Beecher. By R. F. Barnett. Second edition. Published by Mason Brothers, New York, and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Letters of Alexander Von Humboldt to Varnhagen Von Ense. From 1827 to 1858. Translated from the second German edition. By Friedrick Kapp. This is the collection of rather spicy letters which has placed Humboldt in rather a new light before the world. Published by Rudd & Carleton, New York, and for sale by E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.

☞ An amusing scene occurred at the railroad depot in Dayton, Ohio, one day recently. A coxcomb in the crowd made himself quite merry at the expense of a seedy-looking old man, whose shoes were tied with tow strings, and when remonstrated with for his rudeness and lack of good breeding, only laughed the louder, saying the old fellow looked so "dooced funny." At length some one informed him that the old man was none other than Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, and that he was rich enough to buy a ten-acre field full of such puppies, as he had proved himself to be. It is needless to add that the young man was instantly seized with a strong desire to imbibe.

☞ A convention of Bloomer damsels is reported to have *resolved* that they will wear *short dresses or nothing.* What an awful thing it would be if they shouldn't wear the short dresses!

☞ "Paddy," says a joker, "why don't you get your ears clipped—they are entirely too long for a man?" "And yours," replied Pat, "ought to be lengthened—they are too short for an ass."

☞ A Paris correspondent relates the following: "I heard an amusing anecdote the other day, illustrative of French incompetency to master any foreign language. A young married lady, wedded to a German or a Dutchman, was making purchases in the Chaussee d'Antin. At length she desired the things purchased might be sent to her address. 'And your name, ma'am?' 'Really, sir, I am not acquainted with my name; I was the Princess Tremouille, and I have married the Baron—Tenter—Tenter—if you will call my servant, who is at the door, I think he knows.'"

☞ Traveller on the Mississippi.—"What makes you have the bar in the centre—why don't you have it on the side, out of the way?"

Barkeeper.—"Well, we would, but you see it won't do to have so many passengers on one side of the boat."

☞ The Lancet, on the subject of human food, says that large quantities of sausages are made of horse-flesh. A friend of ours says he believes it, as he invariably has the nightmare when he has eaten them for supper.

☞ An editor of our acquaintance says he has an antipathy to disembodied spirits. We know he has, for he never comes across them without taking good care that they shall not remain long out of the body.

☞ A mile or so from town a man met a boy on horseback, crying with cold. "Why don't you get down and lead the horse?" said the man, "that's the way to get warm." "It's a b-b-borrowed horse, and I'll ride him if I freeze!" whimpered the boy.

Japanese Garments—Ingenious Decription.—The most singular portion of their apparel are the trowsers which they wear at their audiences with the Tycoon; they seem to be cut upon a principle entirely the opposite to that which regulates our court-dress. We consider that when we have brought our nether garments down to the knee, we have not only satisfied decency, but reached the highest pitch of refinement and elegance. The great object of the Japanese is to create an entire misconception in the mind of the spectator as to the situation of the important joint: he wishes it to be supposed that he shuffles into the royal presence on his knees; but, finding that process attended with much practical inconvenience, he compromises the matter by having his trowsers made about eighteen inches longer than his legs; by these means his feet are made to represent his knees, and he is entitled to walk upon them comfortably, with his sham legs dragging after him.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PARIS, April 19, 1860.

Of all the detestable springs that ever afflicted this part of the earth, none so bad as the one we are now undergoing is on record. The frosts and snowstorms of the last fortnight, which, strange to say, have been especially violent in the Southern Departments of France, have done great damage to the almond and plum trees, and it is feared that the crop of fruit will be greatly lessened thereby. Two days ago we had almost summer weather here; yesterday the wind went round to the north-east, and to day we are visited with hurricanes from that detestable quarter, and have been going, all day, through a succession of whirlwinds, and showers of hail and snow.

In spite of "wind and weather," the Savoyards and Niceans are continuing their deputations to the Tuileries; and are carrying back all manner of promises to their respective localities. Railways are to be made here, canals there, and both Savoy and Nice are to be visited by the Emperor and Empress in the course of the coming summer. The summer-residences of their Majesties, nearer home, are not, however, to be neglected; for two screw steamboats, laden with flowers from Holland, and destined for the embellishment of these residences, have just passed through Sournai, going up the Scheldt to Valenciennes, where they will take the canals that will carry them to Paris;—a mention of flowers which reminds me that a large Crystal Palace, on the model of that of London, is about to be built opposite the Alexander Palace at St. Petersburg, by the Horticultural Society, and arranged for a permanent exhibition of plants and flowers.

"Exhibitions" are decidedly becoming "the order of the day." A very respectable one is now being held at Lyons, for the works of French painters and sculptors. It was, by the way, a young corset-maker of Lyons to whom occurred the bright idea of sending in, a few weeks ago, a petition to the French Senate, praying that body to impose a tax on all bachelors over forty years of age, and which appears to have excited as much attention in Asia as in Europe. A letter, dated Ceylon, March 1st, has been addressed, in English, to the fair petitioner by a gentleman named Heron, declaring himself to be thirty years of age, and offering her, or one of her friends, his hand and fortune, and stating that any letter on the subject, accompanied by the lady's photograph, addressed to him, Poste Restante, Columbo, Ceylon, shall meet with immediate attention.

A CAT DIFFICULTY.

All Europe has laughed at the idea of the "wood for whittling," that figured, a year or two ago, in the list of items constituting the "current-expenses" of the American Congress. In the budget of the Imperial Printing-Office, now before the Legislative Body, is an item which has provoked, to an equal degree, the risibility and curiosity of the Parisians—viz., *Cats*. It seems that, in order to keep rats and mice from ravaging the stores of paper, printed and unprinted, a large number of cats have to be kept at the establishment, and these cats have to be fed twice a day, and a man is kept to take care of them. These animals have been the cause, moreover, of a "difficulty" between the Director of the Imperial Printing-Office, and the Director of the Archives, whose gardens are adjacent to this establishment. The Director of the Archives has, in his garden, a small artificial river, and keeps in it a quantity of rare aquatic birds. He perceived that the number of his birds decreased daily, but could not tell how; at last he discovered that they were caught by cats, set snares, and took a considerable number of these feline marauders. The Director of the Printing-Office, seeing the number of his cats diminishing, suspected his workpeople of making away with them for culinary purposes; but one day a cat made its appearance from over the wall of the Archivist's garden with a piece of broken trap around its neck. The truth of the matter being thus discovered, the Director of the Printing-house complained to him of the Archives that his cats were being destroyed, while the latter retorted by declaring that he could not suffer his birds to be devoured. An arrangement has now been happily arrived at between the parties; it being decided, on the one hand, that every issue of the printing-office shall be closed to prevent the invasion of cats into the garden of the Archives, and, on the other, that should a cat unfortunately get into the garden, it shall not be killed, but be restored in safety to its master.

THE POLICE SPIES.

The French are wonderfully methodical and clever in the arrangement of all their public offices; their tendency to regulation and co-ordination, being perhaps the strongest point about them. As to their system of espionage, for example, the perfection to which they have brought this department of their administrative wheelwork is really admirable in its own vile way. Take, for instance, the adventure which has just happened to M. Veuillot, ex-editor of the defunct ultramontane journal, the *Univers*, who, as was mentioned in a former letter, was invited by the Roman Government on the suppression of that journal a few weeks ago, to undertake the post of Inspector on the new Roman and Sardinian railway. M. Veuillot accepted this offer, and went a few weeks since to Rome, with a view to gratifying his own affectionate feelings towards the French Emperor, by persuading the Pope to include him by name in the act of excommunication, with which Victor Emmanuel was then threatened, after which he counted on assuming at once the duties and emoluments of his new occupation. The latter intention he has been unable to carry out; the Sardinian Government having refused to allow him to have anything to do with a railway which will be principally in its territory. The former one he has so far succeeded in, as that the Emperor of the French is evidently as much included in the Papal manifesto as Victor Emmanuel, though neither of them is named therein. M. Veuillot is just returned to Paris, and dined a few days since at M. de Lamartine's, where, during the dinner, he narrated his adventures while on his tour; the gentleman from whom I have the story, being one of the guests, who were present on the occasion.

It seems that M. Veuillot, on travelling to Marseilles, *en route* for Rome, made the acquaintance of a remarkably intelligent, well-informed, gentlemanly, and agreeable person, a fellow traveller, who happened to be also going all the way to Marseilles. To his great satisfaction, he found on reaching Marseilles, that this gentleman was going by the same boat to Civita Vecchia, and thence to Rome. On board the boat, the weather being rough, and the editor of the *Univers* being apparently less familiar with the salt water of this sphere of existence, than with the hotter element of another sphere, to which he is so fond of consigning his fellow creatures, was dreadfully ill; in fact, he really did not know what would have become of him, had it not been for the exceeding and constant kindness of this charming fellow-traveller, who cushioned, cloaked, and helped him with all the skill of an experienced nurse, and all the kindness of an old and devoted friend: gave him brandy and water, orange flower water, everything that can possibly be administered to hapless human beings when a prey to that horror of horrors, sea-sickness. After receiving all this kindness from his obliging fellow-traveller, M. Veuillot naturally felt more attracted to him than ever; and would fain have engaged him in a promise to let him see as much of him as possible during his stay in Rome. Unfortunately, the agreeable stranger, who had given his name as M. Yocrisse, was going to that city on pressing business, and would be unable to find time for society, even for the charming society of the ex-editor of the *Univers*. He could not even say what length of time he might stay there; it might be for a month or more, or it might be only for a few days, his movements being necessarily dependent on those of the parties with whom his business affairs had to be transacted. They journeyed on, meantime, in most amicable style, M. Veuillot confiding his feelings and sentiments pretty freely to his new friend, and only regretting that he could not hope to see more of him at Rome. Arrived in the ancient capital of the world, the two travellers parted, after an affectionate farewell, and the expression of many wishes on both sides, that they might meet again.

After having found that the Sardinian Government was not to be moved from its determination to refuse its sanction to the proposed Company, rather than allow M. Veuillot to be employed on the railway, the latter concentrated all his efforts on the bull of excommunication, he being bent both on getting the Pope and his ministers to issue it, and also on getting the Emperor Napoleon actually named therein. Here he was, as we know, destined to obtain only a partial success; the bull was issued, but nobody was named, though its terms are such that the anathema is equally applicable to the sovereigns of Piedmont and of France. The vehement ex-champion of the Papacy was, of course, treated with the greatest distinction by Pope and Cardinals; was dined and auditenced, and feted in every possible way, and received a handsome present from his Holiness on leaving Rome to return to Paris.

On his arrival at Civita Vecchia, the port of Rome, what was M. Veuillot's surprise and delight to find his charming fellow-traveller, M. *Yocrisse*, who came on board the steamer only a few minutes after M. Veuillot had installed himself and his portmanteau therein. By the happiest of chances, M. Yocrisse's business had been terminated just as M. Veuillot's visit had ended, and this fortunate circumstance was the theme of much congratulation on both sides. The ex-editor felt that if anything could have consoled him for the unsuccessful result of his efforts in Rome, it was the pleasure of making the journey back to Paris in the society of one so sympathetic, so fraternal, as his new friend, who, on this second trip, seemed to him even more completely fashioned after his own heart than he had done on the first one, and with whom the disappointed tactician was now on terms of such entire intimacy and affection that, as he stated to M. de Lamartine in recounting his adventure, he was, for an instant, on the very point of showing him the various papers of which he was the bearer; said papers comprising not only notes of his conversations with the Pope and Cardinals, but letters addressed by them to him, and also two secret despatches, which, for greater safety of conveyance, had been entrusted to him for the Papal Nuncio in Paris by the Roman Cabinet. A feeling of prudence, however, restrained him from giving his new friend this last proof of his confidence. "After all," he said to himself, "it is safer not to show him these papers, great as is my confidence in him; as such a revelation would initiate him into things which concern not myself only, but the most sacred interests of Christendom, and which are confided to my safe keeping by my spiritual superiors." So M. Veuillot did not show his papers to this charming new friend.

When the travellers reached Paris, an affectionate leaving was again gone through between them (the suspicious, atrabilious Veuillot being persuaded that he had made a most delightful acquisition to his list of personal friends), and then the ex-editor got into a cab with his baggage, while M. Yocrisse got into another. Not, however, before this latter had exchanged certain signals with four police-agents who were standing near, and who at once got into a cab, and followed M. Veuillot, never losing sight of him for a moment; and one of whom, alighting from the vehicle just as M. Veuillot was about to descend at his own door, politely intimated that his company was requested immediately at the police office.

Greatly disconcerted, M. Veuillot had no chance but to comply with this unwelcome invitation, and away went the two cabs to the dreaded office in the Rue Jerusalem.

There, M. Veuillot was ushered into the cabinet of one of the heads of the police-department; while his luggage was transferred to the safe-keeping of a subordinate.

"I protest against any examination being made of my papers," said M. Veuillot, "especially of those which are addressed by the Court of Rome to his Eminence the Nuncio, and which are therefore beyond the pale of French jurisdiction."

The police-office people assured him that his protest was superfluous, as they had no intention of opening his luggage, the detention of which, for the moment, was a mere matter of form.

The police-official with whom M. Veuillot was closetted, now began to converse with him respecting his visit to Rome, in the most polite manner, but with such allusions to the incidents of his visit, as showed to M. Veuillot that the minutest circumstances of his stay there, together with all that he had done and said to induce the Pope to include the Emperor in the bull, were perfectly known to his interlocutor. The discomfitted subject of the French potentate endeavored to excuse himself, denying certain charges, explaining others, and putting as good a face on the affair as he could. Finding that some of the most "telling" charges against him were strenuously denied by M. Veuillot, the police-authority quietly remarked that "he thought it impossible he could be mistaken on these points, as he had his information from an unimpeachable source;" and rising from his chair, and opening a door that communicated with an inner room, he signed to some one to join the confabulation. A gentleman at once obeyed the signal; and M. Veuillot could hardly believe his eyes on seeing that this gentleman wore the well-known features of his agreeable travelling-companion.

"What! M. Yocrisse!" exclaimed he, "what brings you here?"

"This gentleman," replied the inquisitor, "is here to refresh your memory with regard to certain facts which you seem to have forgotten."

"You, a spy!" cried M. Veuillot, in a tone of equal amazement and reproach.

"A *spy*, my dear sir! by no means," smilingly returned that personage, in a deprecating tone, "certainly not a *spy*; I have only endeavored to discharge, to the best of my humble abilities, a mission confided to me—"

"Enough, sir!" interrupted M. Veuillot, turning haughtily away.

It was of course in vain for the latter to attempt any farther denials, the pitiless "M. Yocrisse" being ready to furnish the most circumstantial proof of the truth of every word of the statements he had attempted to invalidate. In short, M. Veuillot perceived that he had been dogged, from the moment he entered Rome, until he left it, and that an account of photographic exactitude had been taken of his very slightest acts, of every word he had spoken, almost of his very thoughts. So he held his peace, declining all further conference. When the police-grandee had sufficiently proved to him that everything he had said and done was known to him, and that he was thus at the mercy of the government, he gave him politely to understand that the Emperor, in his clemency, would not press the matter any farther, but would hope that he would, in future, be more careful how he exposed himself to a charge of treason. M. Veuillot's luggage was now brought to him, and he was politely informed that he was at liberty to take his departure. Immediately opening his carpet-bag, to see that its precious contents were safe, M. Veuillot at once perceived that his papers had been tampered with. The cardinals had given him two dispatches for the Nuncio, one of which contained but a single paper, the other containing two. The people at the police-office, in their haste to replace the papers, had not remarked this arrangement, and had put the *third* missive into a *third* envelope, whereas there had been originally but *two* envelopes for the three dispatches.

"These are not my papers," said M. Veuillot, on perceiving the blunder; "I received only *two* despatches for his Eminence the Nuncio, and not *three*. These papers not being the ones I was charged to convey to him, I refuse to accept any farther responsibility with regard to them." Saying which, he took his departure, leaving the three despatches behind him, in spite of the repeated assurances of the officials, who insisted on it that the papers had not been touched, and affectionately entreated him to replace them in his carpet bag.

Considering, from a merely artistic point of view, how very perfectly "M Yocrisse" had discharged his delicate "mission," it seems almost a pity that any such blemish as the mistake about the envelopes should have marred the beautiful completeness of the feat; and the police people were no doubt vexed enough at a blunder which so completely betrayed their doings, and thus showed that they had violated the right possessed by every Court to maintain its despatches to its own ambassador inviolate. But the thing was done; and they were compelled themselves to forward the unlucky documents to their destination, which they immediately did, of course in a perfectly unofficial manner, the Nuncio only learning from M. Veuillot, how it came to pass that the dispatches from Rome had reached his residence in so informal a way.

QUANTUM.

☞ A gentleman who employs a great number of persons in a manufactory in the West of England in order to encourage his workpeople in a due attendance at church on a late fast day, told them that if they went to church they would receive their wages for that day in the same manner as if they had been at work. Upon which a deputation was appointed to acquaint their employer that if he would pay them for over hours they would attend likewise the Methodist chapel in the evening.

☞ CHILDLIKE INNOCENCE.—In a town not a hundred miles from Boston, a bright little girl of five years, was recently standing by a window, busily examining a hair which she had just pulled from her head. "What are you doing, my daughter?" asked her mother, whose curiosity was excited by her eager gaze. "I'm looking for the number, mamma," said the child, "the Bible says that the hairs of our head are all numbered, and I want to see what the number is on this."—*Boston Journal.*

☞ JUST WHAT HE WAS SENT THERE FOR.—A convict about to be sent to prison was told they would set him to picking oakum. "Let 'em try it, by gosh!" said he, "I'll tear their oakum all to pieces."

☞ You may wish to get a wife without a ailing, but what if the lady, after you find her, happens to be in want of a husband of the same character.

A MODERN SURGICAL OPERATION.

Until the last three or four hundred years, amputation of a limb was very rarely performed, except when, from injury or disease, its extremity had begun to mortify; and then few surgeons ventured to make incisions in the sound portion, but limited themselves to an operation through the tissues which had already lost their vitality. This timidity was due to the fact that they were unacquainted with any effectual means of stopping the bleeding from the larger arteries divided by the knife. Certain and easy as is the control of such bleeding now, by the simple process of tying a piece of thread or silk round the extremity of the bleeding vessel (as we shall hereafter see,) it was unknown, at all events as applicable to amputation, to any writer from Hippocrates, 400 B. C., or from Celsus, who flourished in the first Christian century, to the fifteenth. Consequently, the numerous instances of injury and disease, in which life is now saved by a timely resort to amputation, were then always fatal. Hence, also, arose the various expedients which the more adventurous operators of the time resorted to, in order to stop fatal bleeding, with the effect only of increasing the patient's torture, and with the attainment of no good result. Thus the incisions were performed with a red-hot knife, that the divided vessels seared and charred by the horrible contact, might contract, or become plugged, and so be prevented from bleeding. (Albucasis, 11th century.) Effective for the instant, the force of the circulation quickly overpowered the slender obstruction, and fatal hæmorrhage, sooner or later, took place. Yet this plan continued more or less in vogue down to the discovery of the ligature in the 16th century, and was practised even later in Germany by the celebrated Hildanus (1641;) although he subsequently adopted the new method. According to another fashion, the surgeon, after making a tedious division of the flesh down to the bone, with studied endeavor not to divide the arteries until the last moment, rallied on applications of red-hot irons, or of some styptic fluid, usually a powerful acid or astringent, to arrest the bleeding. If these were not successful, a vessel of boiling pitch was at hand, ready prepared, into which the bleeding stump was plunged. Between Scylla and Charybdis, the patient rarely escaped with life; either he died from loss of blood in a few hours, or less; or, if the dreadful remedies succeeded, he survived a day or two, to die of fever or exhaustion. After an earlier method, that of Guido di Caulico (1363,) a bandage of plaster was made to encircle the member so tightly that mortification attacked all the parts below, which, then, after the lapse of months, dropped off, a horribly loathsome and offensive mass. Another surgeon, Botalli, (1560,) invented a machine to sever the limb in an instant by a single stroke; and it was not uncommon at this period to effect the same purpose by the hatchet, or by a powerful mallet and chisel.

It is to Ambrose Pare, the great French surgeon, who flourished in the sixteenth century, that we owe the application of the ligature (used long before in ordinary wounds) to the bleeding arteries in amputation. He discarded the use of the red-hot cautery, and of all the frightful adjuncts already described; and accomplished his purpose by carrying the thread round the vessel by means of a needle passed through the soft parts adjacent—a method of adjustment which, although still in use, is now employed only in exceptional instances. Richard Wiseman, sometimes styled the father of English surgery, who practised about the middle of the seventeenth century, is believed to have been the first to employ the ligature in our own country, and to relinquish the application of heated irons. At this era also, the circulation of the blood was discovered by the renowned Harvey, and the distinction between arteries and veins being thenceforth clearly understood, the value of the ligature was rendered more than ever obvious.

But enough of this: let us soothe our ruffled nerves by seeing how the thing is done to-day. We will take a quiet post of observation in the area of the operating theatre at one of our metropolitan hospitals, in this year of our Lord 1860. Notice is posted that amputation of the thigh will be performed at 2 o'clock, P. M., and we occupy our seat ten minutes before the hour.

The area itself is small, of a horse-shoe form, and surrounded by seats rising on a steep incline one above another, to the number of eight or nine tiers. From 100 to 150 students occupy these, and pack pretty closely, especially on the lower rows, whence the best view is obtained. For an assemblage of youths between eighteen and twenty-five years, who have nothing to do but to wait, they are tolerably well-behaved and quiet. Three or four practical jokers, however, it is evident, are distributed among them, and so the time passes all the quicker for the rest. The clock has not long struck two, when the folding-doors open, and in walk two or three of the leading surgeons of the hospital, followed by a staff of dressers, and a few professional lookers on; the latter being confined to seats reserved for them on the lowest and innermost tier. A small table, covered with instruments, occupies a place on one side of the area; water, sponges, towels, and lint, are placed on the opposite. The surgeon who is about to operate, rapidly glances over the table, and sees that his instruments are all there, and in readiness. He requests a colleague to take charge of the tourniquet, and with a word deputes one assistant to "take the flaps," another to hold the limb, a third to hand the instruments, and the last to take charge of the sponges. This done, and while the patient is inhaling chloroform in an adjoining apartment, under the care of a gentleman who makes that his special duty, the operator gives to the now hushed and listening auditory, a brief history of the circumstances which led to an incurable disease of the left knee-joint, and the reasons why he decides on the operation about to be performed. He has scarcely closed, when the unconscious patient is brought in by a couple of sturdy porters, and laid upon the operating-table, a small, but strong and steady erection, four feet long by two feet wide, which stands in the centre of the area. The left being the doomed leg, the right is fastened by a bandage to one of the supports of the table, so as to be out of harm's way; while the dresser, who has special charge of the case, is seated on a low stool at the foot of the table, and supports the left. The surgeon who assists, encircles the upper part of the thigh with the tourniquet, placing its pad over the femoral artery, the chief vessel which supplies the limb with blood, and prepares to screw up the instrument, thus to make sure that no considerable amount of the vital fluid can be lost. The operator, standing on the left side of the corresponding leg, and holding in his right hand a narrow, straight knife, of which the blade is at least ten inches long, and looks marvellously bright and sharp, directs his eye to him who gives the chloroform, and awaits the signal that the patient has become perfectly insensible. All is silence profound; every assistant stands in his place, which is carefully arranged so as not to intercept the view of those around.

The words "quite ready" are no sooner whispered, than the operator, grasping firmly with his left hand the flesh which forms the front part of the patient's thigh, thrusts quietly and deliberately the sharp blade horizontally through the limb, from its outer to its inner side, so that the thigh is transfixed a little above its central axis, and in front of the bone. He next cuts directly downwards, in the plane of the limb, for about four inches, and then obliquely outwards, so as to form a flap, which is seized and turned upwards out of the way by the appointed assistant. A similar transfixion is made, commencing at the same spot, but the knife is this time carried behind the bone: a similar incision follows, and another flap is formed and held away as before. Lastly, with a rapid circular sweep round the bone he divides all left uncut; and handing the knife to an assistant, who takes it, and gives a saw in return, the operator divides the bone with a few workmanlike strokes, and the limb is severed from the body. A rustling sound of general movement and deeper breathing is heard among the lookers-on, who have followed with straining and critical eyes every act which has contributed to the accomplishment of the task; and some one of the younger students is heard to whisper to his neighbor, "Five and thirty seconds: not bad, by Jove!"

The operator now seats himself on the stool just vacated by the dresser, who has carried away the leg, and seeks in the cut surfaces before him the end of the main artery on which to place a ligature. There is no flow of blood, only a little oozing, for the tourniquet holds life's current hard and fast. Only five minutes' uncontrolled flow of the current from that great artery now so perfectly compressed, and our patient's career in this world would be closed forever. How is it permanently held in check? and what have we to substitute now for the hissing, sparkling, and sputtering iron, and the boiling pitch? The operator takes hold of the cut end of the artery with a slender, delicately made pair of forceps, and draws it out a little, while an assistant passes round the end so drawn out a ligature of exceedingly fine whipcord, fine but strong, and carefully ties it there with double knot, and so effectually closes the vessel. A similar process is applied to perhaps six or seven other but smaller vessels, the tourniquet is removed, and no bleeding ensues. Altogether the patient has lost little more than half-a-pint of blood! The flaps are placed in apposition, the bone is well covered by them, a few stitches are put through their edges, some cool wet lint is applied all around the stump, and the patient, slumbering peacefully, is carried off to a comfortable bed ready prepared in some adjacent ward. Half-an-hour hence that patient will regain consciousness, and probably the first observation he makes will be, "I am quite ready for the operation, when is it going to begin?" And it takes no little repetition of the assurance that all is over to make him realize the happy truth.

So it is that he who loses the limb knows less about the process than any one concerned; infinitely less, my gentle reader, than you who have shared with us the quiet corner, and have seen all without losing consciousness, or fainting. It was an early day in the medical session, and many new men were there; one at least was observed to become very—very pale, and then slowly disappear; no one knows how or where, for neither we in the area nor those elsewhere had leisure or care to inquire.

What might have happened to somebody else had he been witness before these blessed days of chloroform, can, in the nature of things, be only a matter for speculation. It may even be surmised by some theorist, and without hazarding a very improbable guess, that a similar catastrophe might, perhaps, under such aggravating circumstances, and at a greener age, have rendered utterly futile, on his part any attempt to describe what modern skill and science now accomplish in cutting off the leg of a patient Under Chloroform.

☞ The Durham (C. W.) Moderator has a new way of putting in the pathetic. At the close of a notice of a storm on the Lake, giving an account of the danger to which the propeller J. L. Tucker was for some time exposed, and from which she narrowly escaped, the Moderator (not at all moderate in its exposures,) adds: "We hope Capt. Soper repented in the storm for cheating us out of our pay for that lot of bills." Soper had better come down decidedly!

☞ A wag said of a woman who had obtained a divorce from her husband because he had a bald head, which he concealed by a wig during his matrimonial suit and the consummation of the bargain, that she wig-gled out of wedlock on a bald assumption.

☞ Two legislators were recently conversing upon the subject of voting, when one of them inquired: "Well, now, what is the man going to do when he don't know anything about a matter?" "Well," replied the other, "I have got two rules about them; when any thing comes up, I keep my eyes peeled, and vote as somebody else does, who I believe to be honest, or else I vote against it. I believe as a general thing, the safest way is *to vote against everything.*"

☞ "Come, Charley, get up; it's the early bird who catches the worm!" "I know, sis, but I've had the worms, and I don't want 'em any more, you know!"

WHAT TROUBLE IS.

A company of Southern ladies were one day assembled in a friend's parlor, when the conversation chanced to turn on earthly afflictions. Each had her story of peculiar trials and bereavements to relate, except one pale, sad looking woman, whose lustreless eye and dejected air showed that she was a prey to the deepest melancholy. Suddenly arousing herself, she said in a hollow voice:

"Not one of you knows what trouble is."

"Will you please, Mrs. Gray," said a kind lady who knew her story, "tell the ladies what you call trouble."

"I will, if you desire," she replied, "for I have seen it. My parents possessed a competence, and my girlhood was surrounded by all the comforts of life. I seldom knew an ungratified wish, and was always gay and light-hearted. I married, at nineteen, one I loved more than all the world besides. Our home was retired, but the sun-light never fell on a lovelier one, or on a happier household. Years rolled on peacefully. Five children sat around our table, and a little curly head still nestled in my bosom. One night about sundown, one of those fierce storms so common in Southern climates came on. For many hours the rain poured down incessantly.

"Morning dawned; still the elements raved. The little stream near our dwelling became a raging torrent. Before we were aware of it, our house was surrounded by water. I managed, with my babe, to reach a little spot on which a few wide-spreading trees were standing, whose dense foliage afforded some protection, while my husband and sons strove to save what they could of our property. At last a fearful surge swept away my husband, and he never rose again. Ladies, no one loved a husband more—but that was not trouble.

"Presently my sons saw their danger, the struggle for life became their only consideration. They were brave, loving boys, as ever blessed a mother's heart, and I watched their efforts to escape with such agony as only a mother can feel. They were so far off I could not speak to them, but I could see them closing nearer to each other, as their little island grew less and less.

"The sullen river raged around the huge trees; dead branches, upturned trunks, wrecks of houses, drowning cattle and masses of rubbish, all went floating past us. My boys waved their hands to me and then pointed upwards. I knew it was a farewell signal, and you, mothers, cannot imagine my anguish. I saw them all perish, and yet that was not trouble.

"I hugged my little baby to my heart, and when the waters rose to my feet, I climbed into the low branches of the tree, and so kept retiring before it until an all-powerful hand stayed the waves, that they should come no farther. I was saved—all my worldly possessions were swept away—all my earthly hopes blighted—yet that was not trouble.

"My babe was all I had left on earth. I labored night and day to support him and myself, and sought to train him to the right way, but as he grew older, evil companions won him from me—he ceased to care for his mother's counsels, he would sneer at her entreaties and agonizing prayers. He left my humble roof that he might be unrestrained in the purpose of evil, and at last when heated by wine one night, he took the life of a fellow being and ended his own on the scaffold. My Heavenly Father had filled my cup of sorrow before but now it ran over. This was trouble, ladies, such as I hope His mercy will spare you from ever experiencing."

There were no dry eyes among her listeners, and the warmest sympathy was expressed for the bereaved mother, whose sad history had taught them a useful lesson.

BRAVE WORK.

The development of muscle leads not always to the prize ring. In Troy, the other day, John McKinney and Patrick Kennedy, blacksmiths both, had an extraordinary trial of skill. The former challenged the latter to compete with him in making horse shoes, for the championship. The challenge was accepted, and the working time fixed at ten hours, each man with his "helper" went at the metal. Their shops were surrounded through the day with an interested throng, and ropes were stretched about the forges, to give sufficient space. At the expiration of the ten hours, Kennedy had made 240 shoes, and McKinney 210. Near the close of the contest, the "helper" of the latter fainted from fatigue. It is not probable that an equal feat has ever been accomplished before.—*Ed.*

A brief paragraph suffices to record this truly noble contest. Had these men been hammering each other's countenances, instead of heated iron, the details of the struggle would have occupied many columns, which would have been read with the utmost avidity. And yet such a contest exhibits power of muscle, skill, endurance and energy as well as a fist fight, and the only reason why it excites less admiration than a brutal contest between pugilists is that it has something useful in it. If it were foolish or disgusting, it would have attracted a vast amount of attention, but because the contest is one which exhibits skill and power in an art which is beneficial to mankind it is passed by with an exceedingly brief notice.

It is but right that spirited men should feel an ambition to excel their fellows in the exhibition of unusual power; but why cannot that ambition be directed in a proper channel? Why cannot artists and artisans contend for prizes in things calculated to elevate and ennoble human nature? The gratification of winning in a really honorable contest surely would be no less than in a strife to exhibit powers in which men are excelled by the lower orders of animals.—*Daily News.*

☞ FUTURE SURPRISE OF HUSBANDS.—Madame Recamier saw at Rome Prince Tortonia's wife, a woman who, in her youth, had been extremely beautiful. She, like most Italians mingled gallantry and devotion in the strangest way; and one day, telling Madame Recamier the infinite care she had taken to avoid disturbing her husband's peace of mind, added, by way of conclusion, "Poor man! Won't he be astonished at the Judgment-Day!"

☞ PARTICULAR LADY.—Is your veal really fresh, sir?

HONEST BUTCHER BOY.—Yes'm, 'twas born and killed yesterday!

AROUND THE BIER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

So still,—this is not sleep—
So fair,—this is not Death—
The lips a timid color keep,
But not a wave of breath;
The little hands upon her breast are cross'd,
And on her neck the shining hair is toss'd.

She sigh'd in winter days,—
"Alas! that Spring were here,
To wake the bloom in garden ways,
And lilies in the mere;
To bless the hidden streams and wand'ring breeze,
And hang new robes upon the haggard trees!"

The Spring is veiled and hoar
With violets and mist—
It wanders in at open door,
She does not see or list;
It comes and stands beside her little bed,
And blesses her, and does not deem her dead.

The trees, so fair and strong,
Tap on the window-pane—
And while the warm light breaks among
Their leaves,—they sing again
Of silver mere and empty, drifting boat,
And torch-like lilies in the shade afloat.

And from the mossy bridge,
Where children are at play—
The blossoms glimmer up the ridge,
Where Winter went away;
Tracking his footsteps with a lazy bloom,
And filling all the air with dim perfume.

Alas! those snowy bells
May fuller grow, and fair—
And murmurs, like the voice of shells,
Drift thro' the dreamy air;
But no young hand shall ope our latched door,
And one young step shall press the bridge no more!

The woods may flush with bloom,
The winds breathe from the sea—
But bloom or breath shall never come,
Oh, Darling! unto thee—
Until the Judgment-Angel bending saith:
"The morn is here,—awake, oh, child, from death!"

Philadelphia.

THE MOUNTAINEER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

In the spring of 1845, an emigrant train set out from Independence, Missouri, for Oregon. This was a great undertaking at that recent day. There were hundreds of miles to be traversed, fierce storms to be encountered, and numerous savages to be passed ere the destination could be reached.

The company numbered about a hundred, of whom nearly one-half were men. Among the latter were comprehended several hunters, who accompanied the expedition in the capacity of guides. One of these was that renowned mountaineer Kit Carson, then a young man, but whose daring exploits had already won him a fame throughout the Far West. His companions, although much his seniors, all looked upon him as their leading spirit, and instinctively gave way to him in every emergency.

The company followed the overland trail, leading along the bank of the Platte, clear to its source in the Black Hills, and with such guides and stout hearts had little fear. For the first day or two, their journey led them through the country of the friendly Delawares and Wyandots, where they were subjected only to the loss of a few of their possessions, through the pilfering propensities of the savages.

Finally they entered upon the broad ocean of prairie, where the only human beings they saw beside themselves, were a few straggling Indians in the distance. Now and then vast herds of buffalo crossed their path, and innumerable droves of horses thundered over the plains at sight of such unwelcome visitors.

These sights, as might be expected, occasioned much wonder to the emigrants, but were unheeded by the guides. Carson generally rode a short distance in advance of the train, his watchful eye constantly sweeping over the horizon for "sign," and his soul alive to the responsibility which rested upon him. When fairly within dangerous territory, he never failed to exercise the most extreme caution. Every night the sentinels were set, and as much preparation made, as though an attack were certain before morning.

One night, when far upon their journey, they struck their camp upon a small stream, which had its rise near the source of the Columbia. A cold, dismal storm set in during the afternoon, rendering the travelling exceedingly tedious and difficult. The rain poured down incessantly, the ground became soft and spongy, and darkness coming on early, they halted sooner than was their custom. Thus far they had been remarkably fortunate, for not a hostile demonstration had been made by Indians. As might be expected an undue sense of security came over them. They believed the savages were intimidated by their superior strength and numbers, and would be sure not to molest them, as long as they remained together. Upon the night in question, they kindled their camp fires, gathered merrily around them, and determined in spite of the cold, dismal rain, to make a pleasant time of it.

Shortly after these preparations had been completed, Kit Carson called a young man aside,

"Strikes me," said he, in an undertone, "you're going it *rather* high, ain't you?"

"Oh—I don't know as we are, Kit; you see what a horrid night it is, and there is no harm, is there, in making ourselves as comfortable as possible?"

"No; don't know as there is, but what about the reds? I've concluded to put an extra force on to-night to keep watch."

"Of course, I am perfectly willing to bear my part, but it does strike me, friend Carson, that you are too apprehensive of danger."

"Shouldn't wonder now if you did think so, but you, 'spose I tell you there's going to be some *tall times* in these parts, before morning."

"What do you mean?" asked the man in tones of alarm.

"Oh, nothin', only if you want to save your ha'r you've got to fight for it."

Carson soon explained that he, in conjunction with his brother hunters, had detected unmistakeable "sign" of Indians. They had appeared in sight during the day, and, especially in the afternoon, their actions had been such as to leave no doubt of their intentions. Favored by the inky darkness and storm, they would assuredly make an attack as soon as the unsuspicious emigrants were locked in slumber.

So perfect was Carson's knowledge of Indian warfare, and so consummate his skill, that he not only made known the precise time when the onslaught would be attempted, but satisfied himself of the manner in which the approach would be made.

Some dozen of men were left in charge of the animals to prevent a stampede during the confusion, and to guard the females and children, in case the savages should change their mode of attack. A hunter then, with one or two companions, passed a few hundred yards up stream to prevent surprise in that direction, while Carson, with thirty well armed-men, descended the bed of the creek, and waited for the attack that he was satisfied would soon be made. Here, hour after hour, they remained, invisible to each other, and hearing no sound but the monotonous patter of the rain, Carson now and then admonishing them in a cautious whisper to maintain silence, and be prepared at an instant's warning.

Toward midnight, a man crouching near Carson, heard his cautious "sh!" and listening intently was satisfied he heard the stealthy approach of a foe. A second after, the famed mountaineer sprang to his feet with a wild yell, discharged his rifle and called out to his followers to rush after him. The infuriated yells of the savages now mingled with their own, the discharge of firearms threw a momentary flash over the ghastly affray, and the emigrants were mingled in a desperate hand to hand conflict with nearly double their number.

The encounter was as short as it was terrible. The savages counted upon a surprise, and foiled in this, and meeting a surprise themselves, suffered a quick defeat. A score of them were left dead and dying upon the ground, while several of the whites were brought into the camp in a dying condition. Leaving them to their friends, Carson and the other hunters maintained their watch until morning. But the emigrants suffered no more molestation, and a few days after reached their destination in Oregon City, where Carson left them and returned to the States.

A report of the death of Kit Carson, a short time since, called up this incident, given me several years ago by a returned member of this emigrant party. He described the night attack more graphically than I have attempted, and his picture of this hunter and guide, whose name is now familiar to every one, I shall never forget. He stated that he is a man rather below the medium height, of a light complexion, a slight beard, sandy hair, a mild eye, and with a pleasant good natured expression ever upon his countenance. Met in civilized society, he would be taken for the gentleman he is; met in an Indian fight, he would be recognized as the brave warrior he is at such times. When standing on his feet he does not present the appearance he does when mounted, owing to the shortness of his legs. But picture him on a wild mustang, a knife drawn in his hand, dashing furiously into a horde of yelling savages, and you will have a faint idea of this Hector of the Rocky Mountains.

RECKLESSNESS OF COAL MINERS.

A writer in an English periodical, speaking of a serious explosion of fire damp, says:—

I say that here the colliers (like the historical eels) are too much accustomed to such accidents to care much about them when they happen. Let me mention two facts illustrative of my assertion. First, in a colliery within a very few miles of the scene of the above explosion—not more than three or four—and after its occurrence, a strike either took place, or was upon the point of taking place, among the colliers, because the proprietors insisted upon certain parts of their mine being worked with safety-lamps, which these men always object to using, preferring more light even with more danger; and, secondly, in one of the collieries on which I was myself engaged, into which I took a visitor with me on one occasion, when he happened to inquire of the overlooker who accompanied us, as we watched a miner hewing away in his hole upon the solid mass of coal before him, whether there was any fire-damp there?

"Has't any gas in t'holl, lad?" said the overlooker.

"Ay, there's a bit," said Blacky.

And our guide, unscrewing his safety-lamp, and making us stand back behind the brattice where the ventilating current of pure air was passing, applied the naked flame to the roof, and—bang! went the gas there with a loud explosion, whilst several jets from the surface of the coal caught fire, and were extinguished by the miner with his jacket, as our conductor screwed on his safety-gauze again. I never asked any questions about gas again, nor looked for any such experiments when under ground; but these incidents—especially the former—serve to show the recklessness of the colliers of the district.

How Sea-Birds Obtain Fresh Water.—The question is often asked where sea birds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst, but we have never seen it satisfactorily answered till a few days ago. An old skipper, with whom we were conversing on the subject, said that he had frequently seen these birds at sea, far from any land that could furnish water, hovering around and under a storm-cloud, cluttering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain-squall a hundred miles or even further off, and scud for it with almost inconceivable swiftness. How long sea-birds can exist without water is only a matter of conjecture, but probably their powers of enduring thirst are increased by habit, and possibly they can go without it for many days, if not for several weeks.

IT HAD A FOOT TO IT.

A contributor to the N. O. Delta tells, in a lively, rattling way, the following story of how he went into the country, and what happened to him there. The point of the story is an admirable hit at the false modesty formerly so prevalent, but now happily confined to remote spots in the rural districts, which condemned young women to call things by their wrong names, and pretend to blush at the true modesty of honest English:—

I went to church last Sunday with Miss Angellette. That is, I started out of the house with her. At first, I tried to keep up a conversation; but she placed such a gulf of brocade between herself and me, that I found it would be necessary to engage a speaking-trumpet for the occasion, if I expected to be heard. Did I draw near her, she was brought to a sudden stop by my stepping on her dress; if I drew back in order not to retard her progress in this way, the pauses were filled by my saying one thing over and over, and her exclamations of—

"I did not understand you, Mr. Crossbones! A little louder, Mr. Crossbones, if you please!"

And after I had tried first one side, then the other, and finally dropped to a safe distance behind, I felt when I reached church like an exhausted rope-walker, who had just performed his first feat. I also asked her a few days ago to go out riding on horseback with me. She gave a gracious consent, and I half dreamed, as I waited for her on the piazza below, that I should see her come down arrayed in simple habit and pretty straw hat, looking a sweet and rosy village girl. I started at hearing my name pronounced, and turned to find her habited splendidly. Velvet hat, ostrich plumes, gauntlet gloves, gold mounted whip, embroidered mouchoir, etc. What a pleasant surprise! How unexpected, away out in this country town, a thousand miles from New York! Zounds! how gracefully she mounted! what ease in the saddle! what a Zenobia with the reins! Away we went—gently at first—then faster. Over the bridges with a tramp loud enough to awaken the sleepers; up the low hills and down green slopes. Then came a long, low stretch of level ground. "A race!" cried Miss Angellette, her cheeks blazing, her eyes flashing, excitement forcing her to be herself by making her forget herself. She plied the whip—forward dashed our matched steeds. We were neck-and-neck; then the lady was half a length ahead. She kept it. How we whizzed along! the plumes and ribbons floated and fluttered. How fine it was! But lo! there was a mis-step—a stumble. Something went over the head of Miss Angellette's horse. I drew rein, and sprang to pick it up. There were ostrich plumes, ribbons, gold mounted riding-whip, gauntlets, green habit-cloth, and —Miss Angellette!

"You are hurt!" I cried, as I caught sight of the cheeks with the flush all gone from them, and the bright eyes dimmed. In my sympathy I forgave her for disappointing me in her character. I forgot her fashionableness. She was the daughter of my father's old friend, now; a village girl whose acquaintance I had travelled far to make. I tried to lift her from the dust. She groaned. "Where are you hurt? my dear young lady?" I said earnestly. She shook her head and still groaned. "Only frightened?" I asked, lifting her pale face to my bosom.

"No, no, hurt—dreadfully hurt; but I cannot tell you. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"But you must tell me, dear Angellette. I must get assistance; if you need medical aid here, I must bring it. Do confide in me. Remember I was like a brother to you once."

There was a pause; then, with a burst of tears she said—

"I think I have broken a limb."

"A leg, or an arm?" I asked.

"Oh, Mr. Crossbones!" with a shocked look. "I told you a limb—isn't that enough?"

"No; God gave you four *limbs*, as you call them, Miss, and if you will not allow me to call things by their right name, at least tell me if the limb you have broken is an upper one or lower one."

"That, I consider, sir, none of your business!" with a groan and writhe of pain.

"Well, at least tell me whether it has a foot or a hand attached; because, if a hand, you can walk home, or even ride your horse back, with my guidance. If a foot, I must find a vehicle somewhere to carry you comfortably home."

Hiding her face, she faltered forth—

"It has a foot attached, sir!" and without more ado, I lifted her in my arms and carried her to the roadside, then hailed a plough-boy from a neighboring field, and started him post-haste on my horse for a carriage.

The limb proved to be only a sprained ankle, and the patient is doing remarkably well under the village doctor's care. She is able to sit in the parlor in a splendid *negligé*, composed of materials which, in richness, surpasses anything ever dreamed of in our great-grandmothers' philosophy, even when they dreamed of bridal array. I'm afraid that I shall go away from here no less a bachelor than when I came; I don't believe I can make a favorable impression on Miss Angellette; and, between you and me, even if I could, who would think of asking a woman to walk through the vale of life with him, when she will not acknowledge she has legs?

How To Go It.—Go it strong in your praise of the absent. Some of it will be sure to get around.

Go it strong when you make love to a pretty widow. More people have erred by too little than too much in this particular.

Go it strong when taking up contributions for a charitable purpose. It will pay.

Go it strong when you make a public speech. Nine people out of ten never take any allusion unless it cuts like a short-handled whip or a rhinoceros cowhide.

Go it strong when you advertise. Business is like architecture—its best supporters are full columns.

Go it strong and pay the printer. Never grudge him his price. Recollect it is he who brings customers to your very door, who otherwise would never discover your whereabouts.

☞ About the age of thirty-six, the lean man generally becomes fatter, and the fat man leaner.

THE WORLD GROWING BETTER.

BY REV. ALBERT BARNES.

The Rev. Albert Barnes, in his recent treatise, entitled "Life at Threescore," says:—

"Permit me to say that I am, at this period of my life, *hopeful* in regard to the world: to truth, to religion, to liberty, to the advancement of the race. The world is growing better, not worse. It is better now than it was sixty years ago; it is becoming better every year, every month, every day. In its progress society takes hold of all that is valuable, or that constitutes real improvement, and will not let it die. That which is worthless is superseded by that which is useful; that which is injurious and wrong is dropped by the way; that which goes permanently into the good order of the world alone is retained. There is more love of truth than there was sixty years ago; there is more science; there are more of the comforts of life; there is more freedom; there is more religion. There will be more in the next age than there is now; and so on to the end of time. Christianity never had so firm a hold on the intelligent faith of mankind as it has now. It will have a firmer hold on the next age, and will extend its triumphs until the world—the whole world—shall be converted to the Saviour. Old men often feel that the world is growing worse. I have not that feeling now; by the grace of God, I shall never have it. I *intend* to hold on to the conviction which I now have at this mature period of my life, that the world is becoming better; I design to cherish this conviction when I die. I do not despond or despair in regard to men; to the church; to my country; to the cause of humanity; to the cause of freedom. I believe that the whole world will be converted to truth and righteousness; and if I should be spared to that period when I may speak of myself as 'old and gray-headed,' I intend that there shall be at least *one* aged man who will take a cheerful view of the world as he leaves it. Happy will he be who shall live in those times that are coming upon the world, and who shall see the full development of the things now springing up on the earth which tend to the recovery and redemption of the race! It is much to have lived sixty years in the period of the world like that which is now passed; it will be a much greater thing to live in those brighter and happier years which are soon to follow. With my views of heaven, I can indeed *envy*—even if envy were ever proper—no one who is to remain on the earth; and yet there are scenes to occur here below which one who cherishes such views as I do, and who is about to leave the world even with the hope of heaven, could not but desire to witness. I would be glad if these remarks might show you that as men advance in life it is not *necessary*, though it is so *common*, to feel that the world is becoming worse; and that a man who is soon to leave the earth himself *may* take such a view of human affairs as to enable him to utter a cheering word to those who are entering on the struggles of life, and show them that there is much for the church to hope for; much to live and labor for."

MY BABY-BOY.

Come to my arms, you bewildering elf!
Let me gather you, body and soul, to myself.
Bury your scintillant eyes and hair,
And all the glory and grace you wear,
From twinkling feet to golden crown,
Deep in the folds of my crimson gown:
Clasping you close to my bosom and heart,
A thing of my holiest being a part;
Crooning a song in the olden rhyme,
Tender and sweet as a vesper-chime

Sleep, baby-boy:
The little birds rest,
Downy and soft,
In the mother-bird's nest:
The lambkins are safe
In the shepherd's warm fold;
The dew-drop's asleep
In the butter-cup's gold.

The violet nods
To the daisy's dream:
The lily lies hushed
On the lap of the stream;
And holy and calm,
Like motherly eyes,
The stars look down
From the silent skies.

Sleep, baby-boy,
My birdling, my flower,
My lily, my lambkin,
My dew-drop, my dower!
While heart against heart
Beats softly in time
To the murmuring flow
Of my tender old rhyme.

MARY FOREST.

Love of the French Soldier for his Mother.—The love of the French soldier for his mother is proverbial; it is a sentiment which survives every other; he can never be laughed out of it; and as long as he holds that sacred he will always be reclaimable. There were many touching instances of this characteristic attachment during the Crimean campaign. "One day," says the *aumonier*, "after a desperate action, a young sergeant of chasseurs was lying awaiting his death, for a ball had passed through his body. He knew his case was hopeless, and I poured the consolations of religion into his heart. 'Ah, father,' he said, 'the approach of death does not make me uneasy; I have just been reconciled to God; I do not fear His justice; I know how loving and merciful He is. That which fills me with anguish is'—and he paused, for the tears rose to his eyes, and choked his utterance—'the thought of my poor mother. As long as I was receiving my pay, I always managed to put by something to send her. When I am no longer here, she will die of grief and misery;' and the tears flowed afresh, for he was praying for his mother. I recited with him a pater for her, and with the words, 'Give her this day her daily bread' on his lips, he calmly expired."

☞ Awful.—There are 2,600 turnpike gates in England.

ASSHETON SMITH—THE BEST ENGLISH FOX HUNTER.

Mr. Assheton Smith was not only a fearless and consummate horseman, but in his conduct as a master of hounds there was a distinctiveness that placed him altogether apart from his contemporaries.

Mr. Smith was once riding Radical, soon after he had made him handy, in the Market Harborough country, when he observed, even while the hounds were drawing, a fellow, dressed like a horsejockey at a fair, following close after him over every leap he took. On inquiry, he ascertained that the said fellow was a horse dooter, and had made a bet that his horse would jump anything that should be cleared by Radical. Matters went on pretty smoothly for a time, and the squire's rival followed close, until they arrived at a hog backed foot-stile with a tremendous drop, and with steps into a road. This Radical cleared, but his unfortunate follower's horse, striking the top bar with his knees, came headlong into the road with his rider, who was carried home senseless. The next day, as the squire was riding through the village, he was mobbed and hooted by the old women, as being the man who had nearly killed their hard-riding farrier. This anecdote is not unlike that told of Burton, the Nuneaton tanner, who always made a dead set at Mr. Smith in a similar way. The tanner was habitually attired in a light-colored green coat, from which he received the name of the Pavoquet, and he rode remarkably well. The squire at last, being determined to shake him off, sent Jack o' Lantern at an almost impracticable flight of stiff rails, the top bar of which he broke, and, to his dismay, made the passage easy for the tough man of hides, who was soon once more at his side, and was not destined to receive *his tanning* at all events that time.

During the run Mr. Smith rode straight on, never turning out of his course ten yards to avoid bullfinch or ox-fence, and always keeping close to his hounds. Between his leap he galloped at racing speed; but he never rode fast at his fences. He often remarked, "when a man rides at fences a hundred miles an hour, depend upon it he funks." To a friend he enunciated the law thus: "Go slow at all fences, except water. It makes a horse know the use of his legs; and by so riding, he can put down a leg wherever it is wanted." But, though deliberate, he was resolute in his leaps. "Throw your heart over, and your horse will follow," was one of his favorite maxims.

VALUABLE BOOKS.

What would become of us if all the books that Mrs. Slender thinks foolish, Miss Prim improper, and Doctor Rigid irreverent, were banished from the world; no more Mother Goose's Melodies, nor the tragical fate of Cock Robin, nor the immortal exploits of Puss in Boots, nor the mournful tale of little Bopeep's Sheep's Tail's, nor the story of the Three Bears, with their porridge pots and chairs and beds, and the mysterious old woman that got in at their door and out at their bedroom window, and has never been heard of since—no more of these and a thousand other nonsensical stories of foolish impossibilities for the little people to laugh over, and wonder over; and no more Rabelais with his Pantagruel and Panurge, Cervantes with his Knight and Squire, Shakespeare *with his more talkers of wise nonsense than I can name*; no more *Uncle Toby* and *Corporal Trim*: no Doctor Primrose and Moses, nor Elia, nor Doctor Dove, nor Diedrich Knickerbocker, nor Mr. Sparrowgrass, for the delight of old folks and young folks both; but all these, and hundreds of others, great like these in nonsense, done away with from the face of the earth, gone from human memory, and nothing left for the young people but Mrs. Sweet's Infant Hymns, and Professor Savethought's Great Things Made Small, and nothing for the older folks but Dr. Solemn's Sermons and Mrs. Softly's Serious Thoughts? Think of it, my dear Mrs. Oldham! I really do not believe it would be good for the world.—*Dr. Oldham.*

SINGLE LIFE IN FRANCE.

Two peoples are to be seen in the towns of France: the one, clad in cloth—that's man; the other, in wretched printed calico—that's woman. The one—we will take the lowest laborer—the worst paid, the hodman, the servant of other workmen—will contrive to eat meat for breakfast (a slice of smoked sausage, or something else, as a thumb-piece on bread.) In the evening he steps into his *gargote*, or eating-house, where he will have a plate of meat, and even some bad wine. A woman of the same condition will take a sou's (half-penny) worth of milk in the morning, some bread at noon, and some bread at night, hardly a sou's worth of cheese. You don't believe it? It is certain, as shall shortly be proved. Her day's work produces 10 sous, "and cannot produce 11," for a reason which shall be explained. Why are things come to this wretched state? The man does not choose to marry; he does not choose to protect and be burdened with the woman. He lives in gluttonous solitude. Does he, therefore, lead a life of abstinence? He abstains from nothing. It makes one blush to be a man. "I do not earn enough," he says. He earns four or five times more than the woman, in the majority of trades. He earns 40 or 50 sous, and she 10. The poverty of the workman would be for the workwoman wealth, abundance and luxury.—*Dickens' All the Year Round.*

A Good Custom.—It is a law—or custom, which amounts to the same thing—with the Japanese that every man is bound to leave on his grounds as many trees as he found, and if he cuts one down, to plant another in its place. Hence, in Jeddo, the forest city, some groves covered acres, and were in the most perfect state of nature, while in other places, however thick the trees were planted, and deep the shade they cast, among them were to be seen neat houses and vine gardens, and the most elegant shrubs dwarfed, and their branches trimmed into the most fanciful shapes.

☞ Fame is an undertaker that pays but little attention to the living, but bedizens the dead, furnishes out their funerals and follows them to the grave.

☞ Duties fulfilled are always pleasures to the memory.

FOOD OF THE SICILIANS.

The manner of living and eating of the Sicilians forms as great a contrast to English ideas as can be well imagined: the people, rich and poor, eat of things as far removed from our notions of what is fit for table, as would be the diet of the cows and sheep from the ideas of any well-bred English animal of these species. In walking one day through the streets of Palermo, I came upon some people surrounded by a number of bushel-baskets, piled high up, with what appeared to me at a distance round white pebbles. On approaching nearer, I found they were common garden-snails. I asked for what purpose they were intended, and was informed they were a favorite article of food with the Sicilians. Close by was a fire made between four stones, and a large iron *crock* or pot set thereon full of this ailment, hitherto unappreciated by me, but which was in process of preparation for sale for the benefit of the public, by being boiled with some green herbs and tomatoes. I afterwards had the advantage of partaking of this dish at the table of a Sicilian noble, who, with his family, sucked the snails out of their shells with delight. I forced myself to eat two of them out of politeness, of course, as it is considered want of good-breeding to refuse *any dish* in Sicily. The entrails of fowls are carefully washed, cooked, and served up. The polypus we call star-fish, which attains in these seas a prodigious size, also serves as an article of food. I have seen some full five feet across from one point of the star to another; it is eaten boiled, and resembles hard salt gristle covered with slime.

In the spring, broad beans are eaten, raw, after dinner; also a kind of turnip, raw, likewise; in the winter these are replaced by large uncooked fennel roots. Asparagus grows wild in the fields and gardens, none taking the trouble to cultivate it; it is exceedingly bitter; this remark applies to many other vegetables, but the bitterness is in some degree disguised by the manner in which they are served up; for the water in which they have been boiled being squeezed out, is replaced by a plentiful supply of lemon-juice and olive-oil.

During the winter months, good veal from Sorrento is brought over by the steam-boats from Naples to Palermo, and is bought up at a high price by the gentry. The native beef is always eaten stewed, or in the form of sausage-meat, otherwise it would be too hard for any teeth or any digestion. The Sicilians are, however, even greater macaroni-eaters than the lazzaroni of Naples, and in this way console themselves for the want of meat. Every one begins dinner by eating a large plateful, piled as high up as it can be handed to him; and as it is prepared with extremely strong cheese, oil, tomatoes, and a kind of very bitter fruit, fried in slices, it is a portion formidable for any English man or woman to get through. When such is the ordinary fare in a palace, it may be imagined what it must be among the poor.—*English Traveller in Sicily.*

THE MINISTER'S DREAM.

I once heard a minister who stated that he preached a number of years in a certain place without any visible benefit to any one. Finally, he concluded it was not right for him to preach, and, in consequence, thought he would give it up. But, while musing on the subject, he fell asleep and dreamed. "I dreamed," said he, "that I was to work for a certain man for so much, and my business was splitting open a very large rock with a very small hammer, pounding upon the middle of it in order to split it open. I worked a long time to no effect, and at length I became discouraged and began to complain, when my employer came. Said he:

"'Why do you complain? Have you not fared well while in my employ?'

"'Oh, yes.'

"'Have you not had enough to eat?'

"'Yes.'

"'Have you been neglected in any way?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Then,' said he, 'keep to work—cease your complaints, and I will take care of the result.' He then left me.

"'I then thought I applied my little hammer with more energy, and soon the rock burst open with such a force that it awoke me. Then," said he, "I ceased to complain—I seized my little hammer with new vigor—I hammered upon that great rock (sin) with renewed energy, nothing doubting, and soon the rock burst. The Spirit of the Lord rushed in, and the result was a glorious ingathering of souls to the heavenly Shiloh.

"Thus, you see, my brother, that to persevere in well doing is the sure way to gain the prize."—*Youth's Guide.*

Wesley and his Companion.—He could be noble in his reproofs as in all things. Joseph Bradford was for many years his travelling companion, and considered no assistance to him too servile, but was subject to changes of temper. Wesley directed him to carry a package of letters to the post; Bradford wished to hear his sermon first. Wesley was urgent and insisted; Bradford refused.

"Then," said Wesley, "you and I must part."

"Very good, sir," replied Bradford.

They slept over it. On rising the next morning, Wesley accosted his old friend, and asked him if he had considered what he had said, that "they must part."

"Yes, sir," replied Bradford.

"And must we part?"

"Please yourself, sir," was the reply.

"Will you ask my pardon?" rejoined Wesley.

"No, sir."

"You won't?"

"No, sir."

"Then I will ask yours!" replied the great man.

Bradford melted under the example, and wept like a child.

A New Way of Paying Off.—The process of keeping accounts among the Norway lumbermen, is of unique style. The book-keeper, after comparing accounts with the workman, sends him to the cashier for his wages, with the amount due him chalked on his back; and when the cashier has paid him, he takes his receipt himself by brushing off his chalk marks.

FOR HUBERT'S SAKE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ANNA L. G——.

Oh, heart, be firm and true,
And let no earthly care
Or sorrow, seem to be
Too great for thee to bear!
Before no wrong or shame
Let thy proud spirit quake;
Let this thy watchword be,
For Hubert's sake!

What though his love may ne'er
Thy fond devotion pay—
What though, year by year,
And sadly day by day,
Thou livest a thing forgot;
Let not thy sad heart break.
Say proudly to thy lot,
For Hubert's sake!

Is it not joy enough,
Though it should ne'er be known,
That thou through life hast lived
Worthy to be his own?
If thou can'st pure and bright
Thy spirit's garment make,
Is it not well to do,
For Hubert's sake?

And, oh, when life is o'er,
At that last awful day,
When every trembling soul
Its secret must display,
Perchance 'twill in his breast
One thrill of rapture wake,
To know my soul more pure
For Hubert's sake!

THE QUAKER PARTISANS.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIX.

I left the Rangers standing in the orchard, in possession of the artillery, with the troops that belonged to it prisoners. They did not remain, however, but moved off with their prisoners, towards the main body of the Americans.

"Haven't I met thee before?" said Clayton to the British lieutentant as they proceeded, "thy face and voice seem familiar to me."

"Yes," said the other, "we have met twice before; do you recollect the officer who let you into the Hessian camp at Turkey Point, and afterwards gave the alarm when you made the night attack on it?"

"True," said Clayton, "that was it; I remembered thee, but couldn't place thee; how did thee recognize me?"

"By your language, as soon as I heard your voice, and by your face, as soon as I saw it. It is not one to be easily forgotten."

This was true enough, and the Englishman, perhaps, had the faintest possible idea that Clayton would not be displeased at being told so.

"Are your troop all Qua—no, *Friends*—that's the word, isn't it?"

"We call ourselves Free Quakers," said Clayton, "though most of the Society prefer to be called Friends. All my officers, and some of the men, are of the same persuasion."

"I beg your pardon," said the officer, dryly, "but has their being Quakers anything to do with making them fight like unchained devils; I thought I had seen a good deal of desperate fighting in my time, but I certainly never saw a body of troops charged into and dissected as ours was."

"I don't know that being Quakers has anything to do with it," said Clayton, smiling; "fighting, like everything else, if worth doing at all, is worth doing well, and they have been thoroughly trained to their work."

"Your horses fought too, as savagely as their riders. It was their biting and kicking, indeed, that disordered our ranks, more even than the sabres and pistols of your men."

They had by this time reached the main street of the village, but while crossing it, Sullivan's division, having broken, as I said before, came pell-mell up the street.

The Rangers, entangled among the broken columns, strove in vain to extricate themselves, and were carried away in the rush and separated entirely from their prisoners.

It was some time before Clayton could get his men out of the crowd and in column again, but he finally succeeded; and leaving the discomfited army to pursue its retreat, struck off across the country towards the rendezvous near the Wissahickon.

When he reached it, and the roll was called, to seven of the names no answer was returned, and ten more were reported present, but wounded.

Among the missing was Frank Lightfoot.

"Has any one seen him?" inquired Clayton.

"*I* saw him," answered Dandy Harry, "just before that flock of frightened sheep came down on us in the village and threw us into confusion."

"He must have got separated from us then," said Clayton.

"If so," said Barton, "he is most probably taken, as I don't think he would follow that herd of runaways any farther than he could help."

"We can't spare Frank," said Captain M'Lane, who was present, with what was left of his own force, "we can't spare Frank; we must find out what has become of him; if they have him prisoner, we'll get him back, if we have to burn the city to do it."

"If they've got him," said Bettle, "it will puzzle them to hold him long; quicksilver isn't more slippery than Frank. Who'll volunteer to go back to Germantown and try to find him?"

Nearly every voice in the troop was raised at once.

"Softly, softly, boys," said Bettle, "we don't want to attack the army; two or three of my own fellows will be enough, I suppose," he added, addressing Clayton, "just to scour the field, quietly."

Clayton nodded, and Bettle went on.

"Harry, you and Jem Woodward and Parker, had better try it. Can you disguise yourselves so as not to be suspected?"

"I can disguise myself so that my own brother wouldn't know me," said Harry; "Woodward and Parker here, have nothing to do but take off their belts and other traps, to pass for farmers."

"Very well," said Clayton, "the sooner you are off the better."

"No doubt of that," said Harry, going out at once, while Woodward and Parker, by simply laying aside their equipments, as Harry had suggested, were at once transformed into two plain young farmers, such as might have been drawn by curiosity to see a battle-field.

In a half hour Harry reappeared; and he had certainly contrived to disguise himself pretty thoroughly; he had on a pair of old leather breeches, polished by long use, strong, ribbed woollen stockings, and heavy cowhide shoes; his head was surmounted by what had been a cocked hat, but of which the sides now hung down around his face in such a manner as to shade it considerably; he was ordinarily quite a good looking fellow in the face, and his form was more than usually symmetrical: but now, there was an awful squint in the eyes, and a suspicious looking redness on the nose; the shoulders were drooped forward and the back was bowed, as if with long carrying of some kind of burden, which was now represented by a peddler's pack, under which he shambled along with a knock-kneed, lop-sided sort of gait that was certainly as far removed from Harry's usual springy movement and firm tread as anything that could possibly be imagined.

Clayton absolutely did not recognise him until he spoke!

"Thee has certainly disguised thyself very effectually," he then said, "but can thee maintain that squint for any length of time?"

"Oh, yes," said Harry, laughing, "that's a trick I learned at school; do you think I'll pass muster?"

"No doubt of it; if I didn't know thee after a half-hour's absence, it is hardly likely thee will meet any one who will recognize thee. What plan has thee in contemplation?"

"Well, I want Woodward and Parker to keep with me 'till we get near Germantown, and then my plan is, to separate, they going over to the orchard to see if he's there, while I go right into the camp with my pack, and try if I can find out anything among the soldiers."

"That will do," said Clayton, "and now you had better start."

The three men accordingly started on foot on their perilous errand—perilous, because any accidental recognition on the part of the enemy would wind up their adventure with an exceedingly short turn beneath the nearest tree that had a limb strong enough to hang them on, as spies.

Arrived at the point intended by Harry, they separated, his two companions sauntering carelessly through the village, and thence across the meadows to the orchard, gaping about them as they passed among the sad scenes of devastation which a battle always leaves. As they crossed the lawn in front of Chew's house, they saw enough fearful evidences of how severe had been the fight. Parties were already at work removing the wounded, but they did not pause to look at them, passing on across the lawn and past the house to the orchard. A careful scrutiny among the bodies lying there, however, failed to detect any one that resembled the object of their search, and they finally left the place, and in accordance with Harry's parting suggestions, returned by a roundabout way to where the Rangers were posted.

Harry, in the meantime, shambled into the lines with his pack, and soon contrived to mingle with a group of soldiers off duty, and to get into conversation with them.

"Hello there! Linkum Lankum," said one of these, "don't bring that 'ere conk o' yourn nigh my catridge box, or you'll blow it up. Look out there, Billy, he's got his swivel eye on yourn!"

"Who keers if he is?" said Billy; "'t hain't got nothin' but a twist o' pigtail in it—"

"Which hain't; the conk or the eye or the catridge box? Blow me if I know which you mean."

"Doant 'ee be a chaffin' th' poor tramp," said another, with a strong Devonshire accent; "coom here, old chap, an' open thy pack an' let 'n see what thee's gotten."

"Here; just light my pipe first," said the first speaker, thrusting a black "dudheen" against the red nose, which certainly looked fiery enough for the purpose, and attempting at the same time to take hold of it with the other hand.

In an instant the wrist was seized, his heels flew up, and he lay on the broad of his back, his position being thus suddenly changed by a dexterous backward trip which Harry gave him, without raising a hand except to seize the fellow's wrist.

Furious with rage at his defeat, and the jeering laughter of his companions, the soldier sprang to his feet, and drawing his bayonet from its sheath rushed at him with a savage oath.

Harry had, for the moment, forgotten his assumed character when he tripped the fellow, and it was too late now to mend the matter, he was in for it. However, instead of striking his assailant, he contented himself with seizing his wrist as he made a blow at him, saying, with well affected dismay,

"Gentlemen, will you see a poor man murdered because he didn't want his nose pulled!"

"Dom'd if we wull," said Devonshire, a fellow as stout and burly as one of his own county's short horned bulls, seizing the fellow by the shoulders; "we waan't ha' no moor stickin' work to-day. Oi toald 'ee to let um aloan. If 'ee mun feight, tak off un's co-at an' go at um loike a mon and not loike a bluidy Frencher. I'll back th' tramp agin un for half-a-crow-an."

"A mill! a mill!" exclaimed the reckless soldiers, all springing to their feet, "form a ring."

The battle was short. Harry, not wishing to disfigure his opponent, and being anxious at the same time to avoid attracting the attention of any of the officers who might be near, brought it summarily to a close, after parrying one or two passes, by a left handed blow on the fellow's chest which knocked the breath out of his body, and the body itself clear out of the ring.

"There! Oi toald 'ee soa," said Devonshire, "when thee's gotten thy wind agin, thee'd betther shaake honds an' be doon wi' um."

"Fight done with the first man floored. That's fair," said the others, assisting the discomfited soldier to rise, "shake hands with him, Jack, and don't bear malice."

"I don't bear no malice," said the latter, as soon as he had recovered breath enough to speak, "an' I hope you don't," he added, extending his hand frankly enough to Harry; "I had no business to chaff you at first, an' I don't want no more o' your left handers, thankee; I'd as lief be kicked by a hoss."

Harmony being restored, together with Harry's squint, which he had dispensed with during the passage at arms, two straight eyes being none too many in boxing, all sat down again, and examined the contents of the pack which were spread upon the ground, while Harry endeavored, by cautious questions, to ascertain whether they knew anything of Frank.

Not making much progress in this way, he changed his plan for a bolder one, and describing Frank's appearance accurately, inquired of his late opponent if he had seen such a person since the battle.

"What do you want to know for?" asked the latter, a little suspiciously.

"Why, you see," said Harry, confidentially, and lying dreadfully, "I'm sorry to say he's a rebel, though he's my brother; and this morning, when he found there was to be a battle, what does he do but saddle his gray mare and take father's short musket an' ride off like mad afore we could stop him. I hollood after him he'd better not try fightin' his majesty's troops that way, but he said he reckoned he could pick up a sword an' pistols somewhere, and rode off, an' I hain't seen him since."

"Do 'ee think uns kilt?" inquired Devonshire.

"I don't know," said Harry, dolefully, "I'm afeard so; he's a dreadful obstropolous fellow when he gets afightin', an' I don't b'lieve he'd run away to save his life. I wouldn't mind givin' a pound of pigtail I've got in my pocket to any gentleman that would help me to find out whether he's dead, or wounded, or only took prisoner."

"Just wait here," said the man with whom he had fought, who seemed to have conceived rather a liking for him, "just wait here while I go over to the guard-house an' see if he's among the prisoners; but stay—what shall I tell him if he's there?"

"Tell him his brother Harry's here from Wissahickon."

The soldier went to the guard-house, which was a short distance off, being one of the houses in the village, which had been temporarily occupied for the purpose. In a few minutes he returned, and informed Harry that his brother was there, sure enough a prisoner, but alive and unhurt.

Could he see him?

Yes, the officer in command had given permission, and he might come over at once.

Leaving his pack on the ground, Harry accompanied his quondam adversary to the place, and among the crowd of prisoners discovered Frank, leaning against the wall near the fire place.

"There he is!" said he, "may I go and speak to him?"

The soldier looked at the officer in charge, who merely nodded; Harry immediately shambled across the room towards Frank, who, after a keen glance, advanced a step or two to meet him.

"Oh, Frank, Frank!" said Harry in a tremulous voice, throwing his arms around him, and bending his head down on his shoulder, till he had mastered the laughter with which he was almost bursting, "why couldn't you stay at home instead of comin' out to fight against your lawful king?" and, overcome by his feelings, Harry hid his face again on Frank's neck, close to his ear, and whispered rapidly, "Look out for us; we'll be on the track."

It is hardly necessary to say that Frank had recognized his *brother* before this; and he merely griped the latter's arm strongly, in answer to the concluding remark.

After a great many words of admonition and consolation, interspersed with a good deal of "Oh Frank"-ing, and some pathetic allusions to his deserted father and his gray hairs, to all which Frank listened and replied—when he could edge in a reply through the torrent of words—with as sober a face as Harry's own, the latter took his departure, promising to come back with some clothes and other matters.

Returning to where he had left his pack, he first handed over the tobacco he had promised to his companion, and then drove a sharp bargain for some trinkets that had taken the fancy of two or three of the men; which bargain came to a disastrous close, owing to the fact that the price of the trinkets was two-and-sixpence, while eleven pence ha'-penny was all that could be raised by the group.

Harry would have distributed the trinkets among them, had he not feared that such unprecedented liberality might raise suspicions either of his sanity, or of the truth of his assumed character.

Loading his pack therefore, he bade them good bye, and shambled off in the direction of the Wissahickon.

CHAPTER XX.

Harry made the best of his way to the rendezvous, and reported progress. He had been unable to ascertain when the army would remove to Philadelphia, and the only thing that could be done was to keep a sharp look-out on their movements, and be ready to act when the moment came.

Scouting parties were sent out, which hovered around the army continually for the next two weeks, carefully avoiding observation, and refraining from molesting any of the straggling parties which they might easily have cut off.

Harry had gone back once after his first visit, with some clothes for Frank. These had been inspected before he was allowed to take them to him, to see that nothing which might aid in his escape was concealed in them. This did not trouble Harry in the least, as he had prepared himself for it by very carefully putting nothing of the kind about them.

When they were restored to him, however, he made an awkward grasp at them and let them fall upon the ground. While gathering them up he contrived unperceived, to slip a short, broad dagger into one of the pockets, and then handed them to Frank.

On the evening of the eighteenth, Clayton's scouts brought in word that the army was about to move the next morning. The whole force, consisting of his own and M'Lane's men, was put in motion towards Germantown, about an hour before daybreak. They did not go near the village, however, but posted themselves in a wood along the road between it and Philadelphia. Patiently they waited there for five mortal hours, receiving occasional information from their scouts of the preparations of the army for departure. At last the head of the column appeared in sight, and the Rangers retired deeper into the wood, leaving Jem Woodward, and one or two others of the most active men, perched in some thick trees a short distance from the roadside as lookouts. Column after column passed, regiment after regiment, in interminable succession, as Clayton could see from his concealment, and still no signal from the lookouts.

Still the army filed along until the rear of the last column had passed out of view, and still no signal. A moment afterwards, however, Woodward slid down his tree and going to Clayton, told him that the prisoners were coming down the road some distance in the rear of the main army, under a strong escort.

"How many?" asked Clayton.

"Not less than three hundred, I should think," said Woodward.

"We can break that number by an unexpected attack," said Clayton calmly, "if we know where to attack them. Could thee recognize Frank among them?"

"No," said Woodward, "they were too far off; but I could see that they are in two bodies, one in front, and the other in the rear, with the prisoners between them; there is a file of light horsemen on each flank of the prisoners, besides."

While this conversation was going on, the escort were coming down the road slowly, and, though certainly not in disorder, still, somewhat loosely, and what Woodward called "squandery." The prisoners were enclosed as he had said, and were marching along in a confused crowd, without much regard to order.

Harry had gone over in the morning, in his peddler's costume, but minus his pack, to accompany his "unfortunate brother" to the city, and the two were together in the crowd. As they came near the wood, where Harry knew their friends were concealed, the two men gradually, without attracting attention, placed themselves on the edge of the body of prisoners and close to the file of horsemen, on *the side next the wood.*

The road was bordered by a tall, thick hedge, which ran along to the corner of the wood; at about forty yards from this point, there was a small gap in the lower part of the hedge, barely large enough to allow a man to pass through at the risk of a little scratching. As they came opposite this, Frank, whose keen eye had noticed this, and whose ready wit formed his plan on the instant, edged as close as possible to the horse by which he was walking, and stumbled and fell upon his hands directly in front of the beast; so close, that his rider, to keep him from tumbling over Frank, drew him up with a violence that threw him upon his haunches. At the same instant, without rising, Frank leaped forward from all fours like a cat, pitched headforemost right through the gap, and then springing to his feet, ran at full speed, sheltered by the hedge, for the wood.

Two or three pistols were fired after him at random, and several horsemen made a rush at the hedge, but were repulled by a sharp, stern order from the officer: "Close up! there; close up! Look to the other prisoners;" and then riding up to Harry was beginning wrathfully, "What does this mean, sir? Is this any of your—" when the appearance of the latter's face—one eye looking at the gap, through which Frank had disappeared so unceremoniously, and the other looking at himself, the under jaw dropped, and the whole countenance divested of every expression but that of blank amazement, checked him, and, muttering, "He had no hand in it," he spurred forward to the head of the column, and detached a party in pursuit.

These galloped along the road towards the wood, in order to get around the hedge, and disappeared. Then came a crackle of rifle shots, a sudden check in the regular beat of hoofs, and then four riderless horses came tearing down the road with dangling reins and flying stirrups, followed by a mounted horse whose rider, holding a rein in each hand, as if to steady himself, was reeling and swaying in the saddle, like a drunken man. As the horse came to the ranks he was stopped, and his rider, with a last effort to preserve his balance, dropped his chin upon his breast and lurched heavily out of the saddle into the arms of two or three of the men who started forward to catch him. They laid him on a sloping bank on the opposite side of the road from that where Frank had escaped, beneath a large chestnut tree; but he was evidently dying.

"How did it happen, Hudson?" inquired the officer coming up and stooping over him.

"They've—hit—me—sir," said the man gasping out a word at a time.

"Who—"

"The—rebels—sir.—Wood's—full of"—they were his last words.

"Rebels! In the woods! There's treachery here. Where's that peddler? Secure him, some of you; I'll have some talk with him after a while."

The officer then hurried to the head of his men, and the advance pushed rapidly forward towards the corner of the wood. They turned the end of the hedge, and penetrated some distance into the wood, but met nobody except the remnant of the party that had pursued Frank; the Rangers, after the single volley from the Mac Allan rifles, having fallen back, lest the report should draw the army upon them.

"Where are the rebels?" said the officer.

"Back yonder, sir, in the woods," said the man who was addressed; "they're too strong for us, without a reinforcement."

"Well here comes one," said the officer, as a regiment came down the road at quick step, and halted at the edge of the wood.

"One of our prisoner's escaped, just now, sir," he said, speaking to the Colonel of the regiment, "and the men sent to retake him have been fired on by a party of the rebels who are somewhere in the wood here."

"We must let him go, sir," said the Colonel, "it will be useless to attempt to catch these flying Irregulars, of whom the force must consist, while in the woods. How strong do you take them to be?"

"About two hundred, sir," said the trooper who had previously been speaking, in answer to a look from his officer.

"Rather strong for your force, hampered with prisoners. Close up your men, and I will remain with you until we reach Philadelphia."

The officer bowed, and having formed his men in their original order, the whole body proceeded together, along the road. When the order was given to secure Harry, he was placed on horseback, under the charge of two troopers, one of whom was our friend Devonshire, with orders that he should be instantly shot or cut down, should he attempt to escape.

Harry submitted very meekly, and with as injured a look as he could assume without disturbing the usual engaging expression of his countenance; scrambling awkwardly into the saddle, where it was a sight to see him with his round back, his loose looking legs with feet thrust into the stirrups to the ankles, each hand, with the palm upward, grasping with the thumb and finger a rein, which hung dangling, jolting up and down with the motion of the horse as he moved along; he took his place between Devonshire and his companion, the latter being on the side of the road next the hedge.

"Don't you think it's hard, Mister?" said Harry, addressing Devonshire in a low voice, "to make me, a loyal subject, prisoner, just 'cause my rebel brother contrived to get away!"

"Whoy, yes," said Devonshire, "it don't seem 'zactly right, 'case oi saw un all th' toim and oi doant think 'ee had nowt to do wi' un; but oi baent meanin' to let un git off for a' that. Doant think there's much danger, though, the way 'ee roides—tak care, there! thee'll surely toomble off and brek thy neck," seizing Harry's arm as he manifested symptoms of slipping helplessly off sideways, and pulling him straight in the saddle.

All the while, Harry had been trying to judge by the *feel* of the horse beneath him, by his *step and motion, of his capacity for a race,* and had satisfied himself that he had both strength and speed.

Deceived by his slovenly, awkward manner of riding, and feeling sure that the first motion of his horse out of a slow trot would dismount him, they had neglected to secure him in any *other way than that of merely placing him* between them; he rode *along* dismally enough, bumping up and down with the slow but springy trot of the horse, till they came opposite the wood, which, I should have said before, was not fenced in, but lay open to the road, with a cart way running into it.

Suddenly Devonshire's horse, perhaps moved thereunto by the instigation of a chestnut burr, which Harry had contrived slyly to place under the crupper of his saddle, in one of his own awkward lurches, first sent his heels into the air, and then went off into an exhibition of rearing and plunging, complicated with a network, so to speak, of fantastic capers, which not only gave our stout friend enough to do to keep his seat at all, but, by the infection which bad example is pretty sure to spread, set half the horses in his neighborhood capering also from sympathy.

Having thus cleverly got rid of Devonshire, and drawn off the attention of the rest, Harry took his next step, which was to wheel his own horse suddenly, draw a short dirk, and by a touch of its point in the flank, drive him with a spring full against the horse of the trooper who remained beside him, at the same time giving the man a blow with his fist, which drove him bodily out of the saddle (for Harry, reckless as he was, rarely shed blood unless he thought it necessary, and therefore did not use his dirk).

Down went the horse, and away went his rider two or three yards from him, before the shock and the powerful blow; and as the latter opened his eyes again, the first thing he saw was a horse's belly as Harry's beast leaped clear over fallen horse and rider together. As he raised his head he heard a voice exclaim,

"By ——— it's that peddler rascal; fire at him! bring him down!"

A rattle of musketry followed, and as the fallen trooper raised himself on his elbow—he was too prudent to stand up right in the line of fire—he thought at first that the fugitive had been hit; for he was hanging by the side of his horse with one leg over the saddle and one arm over his neck, while the beast was flying down the cart road.

"After him, men! after him!" shouted the officer; "five guineas to the man that brings him in, alive or dead."

Twenty or thirty of the best mounted troopers instantly dashed into the wood in pursuit. As soon as Harry perceived that he had them between him and the fire of the infantry, to the astonishment of his pursuers, he swung himself up in his seat again, without checking his horse's speed, waved his hand to them, exclaiming "Good bye, gentlemen; I'm going to see if I can persuade my brother back," gave his horse another prick with the dirk (having no spurs,) darted off the road into the thickest part of the wood, and was out of sight among the trees and bushes in a moment.

They did not follow him any further; it was too evidently useless, besides the danger of falling into an ambuscade of his friends, who, they felt very well assured, were not far off.

They accordingly returned to the main road, and reported how they had lost him.

"Those are no common men," said the officer in command of the escort, "does any one know them?"

"Please your honor," said an old soldier, advancing and touching his cap, "I think I know 'em. The dark little chap, the one as got away first, that's Frank Lightfoot his name is, was a wagon boy in the army when we was cut up by the Frenchers an' Injins, out there at Great Meadows, by Fort Duquesne; he's now among Clayton's Rangers, an' one o' the best men in the troop."

"Well, who is the other?"

"If I'm not mistaken, it's the only other one that's equal to him. They call him Dandy Harry."

"Why didn't you tell this before?" said the officer, angrily.

"Your honor didn't ask me anything about it, an' it wasn't my place to push in my advice when it wasn't asked. Besides, Frank was a prisoner anyhow, and I didn't mistrust Harry 'till I seen him knock Wilson yonder and his horse, both down, an' ride over 'em."

"Well, we're a sharp sighted set," said the officer; "I wonder who'll make fools of us next time. Close up, forward, march!" and so the army went to Philadelphia, minus two of its prisoners.

CHAPTER XXI.

"How did they take thee?" inquired Clayton of Frank, as they rode quietly towards their rendezvous.

"Why, lookee here," said Frank, "I got mixed up with our prisoners when them fellows run through us there in Germantown. You know they got squandered away, an' blamed if they didn't carry me off right in the middle of 'em. I tried my best to git out o' the muss, but couldn't, for they were all 'round me, an' some of 'em, I found, know'd me, an' kep' too sharp an eye on me to give me any chance. Then we come up with a ridg'ment an' they fell in with it an' I had to give it up.

Frank was a man of few words, and this was all the account he gave of his adventure.

Harry, however, made amends at the campfire that night, by giving a full and ludicrous account of his own and Frank's adventures in the British camp, and wound up by a descriptive ballad which he improvised for the occasion; it was never reduced to writing, and therefore I am unable to give it.

The season passed on, without anything of note having taken place in which the Rangers were immediately concerned.

Count Donop, with twelve hundred picked Hessians, had attacked the American defences, garrisoned by four hundred men, at *Red Bank,* in pursuance of General Howe's determination to sweep away the whole of the American defences on the river, and had sacrificed his own life and that of some four hundred of his men in the vain attempt.

The men-of-war had thundered away at Fort Mifflin on the opposite side of the river to no purpose, having achieved nothing but the loss of a number of men and of two ships, the Augusta and Merlin, which took fire and blew up.

The attack had been renewed, the garrisons *compelled to abandon their defences by* the overwhelming force which was sent against them, and the river below the city, to the ocean, was in command of the enemy.

Lydia Darrah, the brave Quaker woman, had saved the American army from surprise and defeat, by her walk through the snow to Whitemarsh, to give notice of the intended attack.

The British had marched out in the dead of the succeeding night, very slyly indeed, reached Whitemarsh unperceived, and—found the army drawn up, cannon mounted, and all so prepared to receive them, that, after dancing distractedly around them for three days, on the fourth they scampered back, as one of their officers expressed it, "like a parcel of fools."

It is a sight to be remembered, by us who can call it up in vision, that small, weak, sickly figure, clad in plain Quaker garb, urging its solitary way on foot through the cold December dawn, ankle deep in the falling snow, to save an army from destruction.

That woman walked altogether, twenty-eight miles in the dismal weather, on that day, carrying with her, over the last five miles, from Frankford, a bag containing twenty-five pounds of flour, the necessity of procuring which had been her excuse for leaving the city; and General Howe had furnished her with a pass! I rather think it was Lydia who "made fools of us next time."

Then there was a lull in the storm of war; the two great clouds had rolled asunder, and lay grumbling and growling at each other twenty miles apart, one along the hills of the Schuylkill at Valley Forge, the other along the shores of the Delaware at Philadelphia.

But the British, as I said before, had not a time of uninterrupted comfort in Philadelphia, by reason of the very improper and unseasonable restlessness of the two bodies of Irregulars who had taken upon themselves to beleaguer the city.

They caused so much annoyance by intercepting supplies, cutting off foraging parties, and playing all manner of mad pranks generally, that the British commander got out of all patience, and at last detached Captain Gardner, with a considerable force, to scour the country and drive these pestilent marauders away.

The captain had no trouble in fulfilling his instructions to the letter, not the least; the only difficulty was, that the "maraunders" did not *stay* away, not seeming to understand that they were defeated. In fact, they led him as uneasy a dance among the rocks and hills of the Schuylkill and Wissahickon as David led King Saul over the mountains of Judea.

He would hear of them, somewhere, and sally forth to capture or disperse them; when he arrived at the place, behold they were gone! By the time he had got comfortably over the fatigue of his march, word would come that they were up again in some other quarter, and away he would go, only to come back again with

the same report, "left the place." Now it was Clayton's Rangers who were at work, now it was M'Lane's men, now the two together, now both up at once in diff-rent places, 'till both the general and the captain were half distracted by the ceaseless activity of this intangible swarm of hornets.

It was an easy enough matter for both Clayton and Captain M'Lane to avoid these scouring parties when they chose, having always timely notice given by their scouts of any movement against them.

They did not always choose to escape, however, and two or three sharp skirmishes among broken ground and trees; and from which he was obliged to retreat with some loss, convinced Captain Gardener, not only that the Rangers understood their own way of fighting better than he did, but that he was likely to have his hands full at any kind of fighting. He learned to appreciate better the various and thorough training of Clayton's force particularly.

The duty he was engaged in, so far as the Rangers were concerned, was irksome to him, besides, from personal reasons. His life had been spared, by Barton's forbearance, at the spring below New Castle, under circumstances which would have warranted him in taking it; he had been treated with the utmost kindness while among the Rangers, during the few days he remained among them, had formed a very pleasant acquaintance with the officers, and had been released upon his parole, after a very short detention. More recently, he had been treated with rare courtesy and consideration by Clayton, who, as has been stated, allowed him to pass with a much inferior force, when he might have captured him with ease.

On these accounts, the service he was performing was very unpleasant to him, and he had made two or three ineffectual attempts to be relieved from it, and have some other officer employed in his place.

While the Irregulars on the one side, and the Regulars on the other, were leading each other this kind of country dance, the female department of the Free Quaker church were not idle, and their activity found vent, as I suppose that of most women who have not discovered that they have a "mission," does, naturally, in needles and thread.

On a crisp, clear afternoon in January, a party of them were assembled in the large parlor of a house on the west side of Water street. The room looked out over an open lawn to the river; for the unsightly warehouses which now lumber the bank were not then in existence, and the view was unobstructed, except by the trunks of two or three large and now leafless trees which stood upon the lawn. Before it spread the noble river, its broad bosom sheeted with ice, Bound in which lay the black hulls of the men-of-war, and beyond lay the low beach-like Jersey Shore, rising gradually to the Northward into rolling ground, as it receded from the water.

The wind was high, and the leafless trees rocked, and groaned, and rattled their bare arms together, in the blast which came shrieking from the distant ocean, through the moaning pines of Mid-Jersey, and across the frozen surface of the river. It was cold, bitter cold, and the streets were almost deserted. The Hessian sentry, with his musket clasped to his side by his arm, blew his aching fingers through his ice-fringed moustache, as he paced up and down his beat, stamping along as if trying what kind of sewing his Majesty's contract shoemakers had put into his brogans. The woodsawyer stopped as the last section of each stick fell from his saw-horse, and thrashed his arms across his breast, with a "whew!" at each blow of his heavy arms, as if it had knocked the breath out of him. Their noses, as well as those of the few passengers who were in the street, were each ornamented by a pendent jewel at the end thereof, which hung there undisturbed, for it was too cold to think of taking hands out of pockets to use either handkerchiefs or fingers. Here and there was a poor thinly clad, shivering form, stealing along in search of chips to make a scanty fire for other poor squalid little forms to cower over; for firewood was scarce, even for those who had means to buy it, and but little was left to be gleaned by those who had not.

While all was thus bleak and dreary outside, the scene within the large room in which the women were assembled was bright and cheerful. True, the walls, instead of being covered with the wonderful specimens of machine-produced art with which paper hangers so liberally cover walls now-a-days, were painted a sober drab—and the ceiling was not as high by a couple of feet as we think it necessary to have them now, but the floor was carpeted, in itself an evidence of some wealth, and a bright woodfire, plentifully supplied, was burning in the large Franklin stove, whose brass mountings and those of the fender in front of it, shone with all the lustre which powdered brick dust and flannel, applied with all the vigor of a sturdy housemaids' arm, could produce. In front of the fender was spread a large bear-skin rug, on which lay a plump gray-mottled cat, evidently a privileged pet, basking in the heat of the fire, and purring dreamily.

In short, the gathering was what is now called a "sewing-circle," at which, as is well known, there is always, now-a days, an immense amount of work done, with a very small amount of talk and tea-drinking.

The party with whom I have to do at present, were not working, however, for the natives of Boorioobhoola Gha; neither were they making flannel shirts to keep warm the other sans-culottes gentlemen in Africa, who eschew all clothing except a breech cloth, and a general smearing over with rancid cocoa-nut oil; nor were they working for the Greeks, nor for any body else out of sight and hearing across the ocean; for, as the splenetic John Randolph once told a lady, who was commiserating the sufferings of the Greeks during their revolution, and lamenting that she was not among them to relieve them, "Madam, the Greeks are at your door."

There was suffering enough within twenty miles, in the rude slab huts imbedded in the snow among the hills of Valley Forge, to absorb all the spare sympathy, as well as the spare time and money of any given number of philanthropists; and it was to do what they could towards relieving this suffering, that they were met together on this clear, crisp January afternoon.

There was a sprinkling of the gayer dresses of the "world's people" among the party, but most of them wore the unmistakeable, plain garb of the Friends.

Across one end of the room was spread a quilting frame, on which was stretched a quilt about half finished; around it were about a dozen elderly ladies, who were busily stitching along the white chalk lines with which its surface was latticed. These were all stout, comfortable, grandmotherly looking dames, ranging from fifty to sixty, well preserved, with complexions still fresh and ruddy, and some of them hardly more wrinkled than thier grand-daughters.

Around a circular table, which stood about the middle of the room, in front of the fireplace, was another group of younger ladies, some of them the daughters of those around the quilting frame, and employed quite as industriously as their mothers in cutting out and sewing strong coarse cotton shirts, and —some of the older ones—knitting heavy woollen stockings.

At the other end were four or five girls, of perhaps from sixteen to twenty years of age, seated on the carpet, around a flag which they had just finished embroidering, and had spread out upon the carpet to admire. It was not large, being only about two feet square, but large enough for the purpose it was intended for, a cavalry pennon.

It was not a very unusual employment for a party of ladies in those days, but in the present instance there was a curious contrast between that battle flag, with its deep blue ground and border of crimson silk and gold, and the plain dresses of the girls around it, from which every warm or bright color, every appearance or suggestion of ornament had been studiously banished.

If the dresses were plain, however, the faces above them were not; for young Quakeresses then were as pretty as young Quakeresses are now; and no ungracefulness of dress or soberness of color can entirely neutralize the beauty of the delicate regular features, the smooth glossy hairand the fresh complexions, —*when their bonnets are off*. I have not a word to say in mitigation of the "regulation" Quaker bonnet, which would eclipse the face of—I won't say Venus, for I consider it an insult to a modest woman to liken her to that Queen Light'o'-love, but of, well, say—Hebe.

"Isn't it beautiful, Mary?" said one of them, addressing a girl of about twenty who sat opposite her, a tall, slender, queenly looking blonde; "I wish Captain Clayton was here to see it; what does thee intend to say when thee gives it to him? Thee must make a speech, and he must make another in answer."

"I am afraid," interposed one of the ladies at the table, "that it won't be so beautiful after it has been carried a year, and gone through the battles of that time, daughter Sarah; gunpowder, smoke, and bullets make sad work with fine clothes."

"Well, I hope it won't get spoiled; don't thee, Mary?" said Sarah.

"No; I hope to see it come home riddled with bullet holes," said Mary, spiritedly.

"Mercy!" said the younger girl, raising her hands in affected horror, "and spoil all our beautiful work! I hope it won't be Sam that carries it, for fear he might come home riddled too—"

"Sarah, Sarah Wheeler," said one of the elderly ladies at the quilt, who overheard her, "thee should not jest on such grave subjects; if thy brother should be brought home wounded or dead, thee would never forgive thyself for this trifling."

The girl colored under the rebuke and said no more. She was a sister of Wheeler, whom I have mentioned several times, while the queenly looking blonde was the only sister of Wetherill, and the only—something else, which brought the rich blood over her transparent face and neck when his name was mentioned —of Clayton.

I am a terribly poor hand at describing love passages, and having Bettie's affair on my hands, I have spared myself and you the bore of following a second trail of this kind, step by step. In this instance, therefore, I will only give results.

Clayton and Mary Wetherill had been "engaged," since about a month before the flare up in the Society to which they both belonged, and she was naturally one of the first of his friends whom he had consulted, previously to taking the important step which had so changed the current of his life.

Some of these friends had given him their opinion in a way that was as non-committal as a Judge's charge, and which might be taken either way, some had fairly turned their backs upon him; but Mary Wetherill never faltered.

"Thee is right, Ellis," she said, promptly, when he mentioned his "concern" to her, "thee is right; if it is the duty of Friends to side, in opinion, with the Congress and the army, it is their duty to side with them in person, too. He has no right to assist by counsel who is not ready and willing to assist with the sword."

"I knew thee would think so, Mary," said Clayton, "but I wanted to hear it from thy own lips. My own convictions of duty in this matter are clear and decided, and I shall carry them out with all the vigor of body and soul which my Maker has given me."

So they parted for the time. Clayton set to work, as I stated in the beginning of my narrative, to raise his troop, succeeding as I have already stated.

She had parted with him again, on the morning of the fourth of August, an hour or two before he wheeled into the line of the American army opposite the State House, at the head of his troop, and from that time had never seen him, nor, but once, heard directly from him, though she had heard a good deal of him in the flying rumors which chased each other ceaselessly through that busy summer and autumn.

Her love for Clayton was fully as deep and strong as Jenny Sanford's was for Bettie, but it was as different as her nature was. Strong and self-reliant, her husband must be one by whose side she could stand like a palm tree by its mate; to whom she could be counsellor, companion, friend.

Jenny's nature was very different from this. Though about the same age as Mary, she was much younger in character. She was child-like, more frank and impulsive, without a touch of the pride which was a predominant trait in Mary's character, plain Quaker though she was; entirely free from anything like queenly dignity and reserve, but simply a tender, warm-hearted, loveable girl, who would cling to the man she loved, as the ivy clings to the strong tower, enveloping it gradually in its warm, ever growing mantle.

When the storm should sweep down the palm tree, his mate would stand and wave her plumed head over him in grand majestic grief. When the earthquake should hurl down the tower, the ivy would go down with him and—die.

Such was the difference between the two girls. The idea of the flag had been first suggested by Sarah Wheeler, and had been seized upon with avidity by the other girls, and they had, for some time, been busily engaged at it. It was now finished, and the next thing was to present it.

This was not such an easy matter; inasmuch as they, the donors, were cooped up in the city, without much chance of getting out, even if any of them had known where to look for the donees in their eccentric wanderings.

"Now, won't it be too bad," said Sarah Wheeler, "if, after all the trouble we've had, we can't catch one of these Jack-o'-lanterns of Rangers to hand it to; this would be such a nice time, when we are all here, to give it to Captain Clayton.

"Thee should say Ellis; not captain, Sarah," said her mother, reprovingly; "I wish thee would get out of that way thee has of giving vain titles."

"Why, mother," interrupted Sarah, "he *is* a captain, isn't he? And why shouldn't I call him so? Didn't we call James Pemberton clerk of the meeting, because he *was* clerk? And why shouldn't we call Ellis Clayton captain of the Rangers when he *is* captain? I don't see that one is a vain title more than the other."

What answer her mother would have made to this style of argument, it is hard to say; for at this moment the door opened, and in walked the subject of the discussion, accompanied by Harry.

"Why, here's the man himself," said Sarah Wheeler joyfully, springing forward, and seizing him by the hand, "come in, thou man of peace; we were just talking about thee."

"Thee is welcome, friend Ellis," said the mistress of the house, coming forward, "come near the fire, thee and thy friend; you must be cold this bitter day."

Clayton and his companion drew near the fire with manifest enjoyment of its heat, while Mary placed herself by his side, having been the second—Sarah Wheeler having sprung forward ahead of her—to greet him. She did this pleasantly, even warmly, but still with an indescribable something of dignified reticence, strongly in contrast with the frank, open demonstration of delight which Sarah had shown. Considering how long they had been separated, any one not knowing the actual circumstances, would have reversed the real position of the two girls towards him.

There was no lack of feeling on Mary's part, as Clayton knew right well; but that dominant pride of *hers, kept down any manifestation of it in the presence of others. He himself* was no more demonstrative than she, though feeling quite as deeply; but with him it was the effect of a grave, impassive temperament, to which a demonstrative display of any kind would have been unnatural, rather than of any effort of pride to keep it down. On the whole, they were admirably suited to each other.

"But what brought thee here, among the Philistines, Captain Clayton?" said Sarah, with a slight emphasis on the word captain, and a sly glance at her mother; "ain't thee afraid they'll catch thee and serve thee as their ancestors did Samson? If thee could only pull down the walls of that temple of Dagon, the Walnut street Prison, and bury its High Priest Cunningham in the ruins, it might be—"

"Sarah, Sarah!" interposed her mother, holding up her finger reprovingly.

"I can't help it, mother," said she; "when I think of the way our poor prisoners are treated there, I get out of all patience, and only wish I were a man, to punish the villain."

"Well," said her mother, "there's no use in trying to bridle thy tongue, I believe thee's incorrigible."

"My errand here to-day," said Clayton, "had reference to the very place thee speaks of; three of my own men were taken prisoners in that unfortunate affair at Germantown, and I came in to gain some tidings of them."

"Did thee succeed, Ellis?" said Mary.

"Only too well, Mary; they are dead; literally starved to death. May God forgive their murderer as I *try* to do, and show him more mercy than he ever showed to any who were in his power."

"I suppose we ought all to say the same thing," said Sarah, "but I must say I don't feel exactly clear in my own mind about it. How does thee feel?" she added, suddenly turning to Harry; "does thee try to forgive him, too?"

"Oh, no!" said Harry quietly, in his soft musical voice, and shaking his head gently; "*I* don't forgive him, and I'm afraid he'll need a great deal of mercy, if he ever falls into the hands of our men, or Captain M'Lane's."

"What would they do with him?" inquired one of the elderly ladies at the quilting frame.

"Hang him," said Harry, placidly.

"Hang him, eh?" said a voice, as the door swung open, and three or four men in British uniform, with an officer at their head, strode into the room; "then we had better get two of the hangmen out of the way. Madam," added the officer, addressing the mistress of the house, "I beg your pardon for this intrusion, but I am sent to apprehend a desperate rebel who is here in disguise; Captain Clayton, you and your companion are my prisoners."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The Buffalo Republican challenges Dr. Windship, the strong man, to come to that city and *try* his strength with a good deal of the butter sold there.

NOTES ON NURSING:

AND

The Best Means of Preserving Health.

BY FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

In a recent celebrated trial, three medical men, according to their own account, suspected poison, prescribed for dysentery, and left the patient to the poisoner. This is an extreme case. But in a small way, the same manner of acting falls under the cognizance of us all. How often the attendants of a case have stated that they knew perfectly well that the patient could not get well in such an air, in such a room, or under such circumstances, yet have gone on dosing him with medicine, and making no effort to remove the poison from him, or him from the poison which they knew was killing him; nay, more, have sometimes not so much as mentioned their conviction in the right quarter—that is, to the only person who could act in the matter.

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Let no one think that because *sanitary* nursing is the subject of these notes, therefore, what may be called the handicraft of nursing is to be undervalued. A patient may be left to bleed to death in a sanitary palace. Another who cannot move himself may die of bed-sores, because the nurse does not know how to change and claim him, while he has every requisite of air, light, and quiet. But nursing, as a handicraft, has not been treated of here for three reasons: 1. That these notes do not pretend to be a manual for nursing, any more than for cooking for the sick; 2. That the writer, who has herself seen more of what may be called surgical nursing, *i. e.* practical manual nursing, than, perhaps, any one in Europe, honestly believes that it is impossible to learn it from any book, and that it can only be thoroughly learnt in the wards of a hospital; and she also honestly believes that the perfection of surgical nursing may be seen practised by the old-fashioned "Sister" of a London hospital, as it can be seen nowhere else in Europe. 3. While thousands die of foul air, &c., who have this surgical nursing to perfection, the converse is comparatively rare.

CHILDREN.

To revert to children. They are much more susceptible than grown people to all noxious influences. They are affected by the same things, but much more quickly and seriously, viz.; by want of fresh air, of proper warmth, want of cleanliness in house, clothes, bedding, or body, by startling noises, improper food, or want of punctuality, by dullness and by want of light, by too much or too little covering in bed, or when up, by want of the spirit of management generally in those in charge of them. One can, therefore, only press the importance, as being yet greater in the case of children, greatest in the case of sick children, of attending to these things.

That which, however, above all, is known to injure children seriously is foul air, and most seriously at night. Keeping the rooms where they sleep tight shut up, is destruction to them. And, if the child's breathing be disordered by disease, *a few hours only of such* foul air may endanger its life, even where no inconvenience is felt by grown-up persons in the same room.

The following passages, taken out of an excellent "Lecture on Sudden Death in Infancy and Childhood," just published, show the vital importance of careful nursing of children. "In the great majority of instances, when death suddenly befalls the infant or young child, it is an *accident*; it is not a necessary result of any disease from which it is suffering."

It may be here added, that it would be very desirable to know how often death is, with adults, "not a necessary, inevitable result of any disease." Omit the word "sudden;" (for *sudden* death is comparatively rare in middle age;) and the sentence is almost equally true for all ages.

The following causes of "accidental" death in sick children are enumerated:—"Sudden noises, which startle—a rapid change of temperature, which chills the surface, though only for a moment—a rude awakening from sleep—or even an over-hasty, or an overfull meal"—"any sudden impression on the nervous system—any hasty alteration of posture—in short, any cause whatever by which the respiratory process may be disturbed."

It may again be added, that, with very weak adult patients, these causes are also (not often "suddenly fatal," it is true, but) very much oftener than is at all generally known, irreparable in their consequences.

Both for children and for adults, both for sick and for well (although more certainly in the case of sick children than in any others,) I would here again repeat, the most frequent and most fatal cause of all is sleeping, for even a few hours, much more for weeks and months, in foul air, a condition which, more than any other condition, disturbs the respiratory process, and tends to produce "accidental" death in disease.

COLD AND FRESH AIR.—I need hardly here repeat the warning against any confusion of ideas between cold and fresh air. You may chill a patient fatally without giving him fresh air at all. And you can quite well, nay, much better, give him fresh air without chilling him. This is the test of a good nurse.

In cases of long recurring faintnesses from disease, for instance, especially disease which affects the organs of breathing, fresh air to the lungs, warmth to the surface, and often (as soon as the patient can swallow) hot drink, these are the right remedies and the only ones. Yet, oftener than not, you see the nurse or mother just reversing this; shutting up every cranny through which fresh air can enter, and leaving the body cold, or perhaps throwing a greater weight of clothes upon it, when already it is generating too little heat.

"Breathing carefully, anxiously, as though respiration were a function which required all the attention for its performance," is cited as a not unusual state in children, and as one calling for care in all the things enumerated above. That breathing becomes an almost voluntary act, even in grown up patients who are very weak, must often have been remarked.

"Disease having interfered with the perfect accomplishment of the respiratory function, some sudden demand for its complete exercise, issues in the sudden standstill of the whole machinery," is given as one process:—"life goes out for want of nervous power to keep the vital functions in activity," is given as another, by which "accidental" death is most often brought to pass in infancy.

Also in middle age, both these processes may be seen ending in death, although generally not suddenly. And I have seen, even in middle age, the "*sudden* stand-still" here mentioned, and from the same causes.

SUMMARY.—To sum up:—the answer to two of the commonest objections urged, one by women themselves, the other by men, against the desirableness of sanitary knowledge for women, *plus* a caution, comprises the whole argument for the art of nursing.

RECKLESS AMATEUR PHYSICKING BY WOMEN.—(1.) It is often said by men, that it is unwise to teach women anything about these laws of health, because they will take to physicking—that there is a great deal too much of amateur physicking as it is, which is indeed true. One eminent physician told me that he had known more calomel given, both at a pinch and for a continuance, by mothers, governesses, and nurses, to children than he had ever heard of a physician prescribing in all his experience. Another says, that women's only idea in medicine is calomel and aperients. This is undeniably too often the case. There is nothing ever seen in any professional practice like the reckless physicking by amateur females.* But this is just what the really experienced and observing nurse does *not* do; she neither physics herself nor others. And to cultivate in things pertaining to health, observation and experience in women who are mothers, governesses or nurses, is just the way to do away with amateur physicking, and if the doctors did but know it, to make the nurses obedient to them—helps to them instead of hindrances. Such education in women would indeed diminish the doctor's work—but no one really believes that doctors wish that there should be more illness, in order to have more work.

* I have known many ladies who, having once obtained a "blue pill" prescription from a physician, gave and took it as a common aperient two or three times a week—with what effect may be supposed. In one case I happened to be the person to inform the physician of it, who substituted for the prescription a comparatively harmless aperient pill. The lady came to me and complained that it "did not suit her half so well."

If women will take or give physic, by far the safest plan is to send for "the doctor" every time—for I have known ladies who both gave and took physic, who would not take the pains to learn the names of the commonest medicines, and confounded, *e. g.*, colocynth with colchicum. This is playing with sharp-edged tools "with a vengeance."

There are excellent women who will write to London to their physician that there is much sickness in their neighborhood in the country, and ask for some prescription from him, which they used to like themselves, and then give it to all their friends and to all their poorer neighbors who will take it. Now, instead of giving medicine, of which you cannot possibly know the exact and proper application, nor *all its consequences, would it not be better if you were to persuade and help your poorer neighbors to* remove the dung-hill from before the door, to put in a window which opens, or an Arnott's ventilator, or to cleanse and limewash the cottages? Of these things the benefits are sure. The benefits of the inexperienced administration of medicines are by no means so sure.

Homœopathy has introduced one essential amelioration in the practice of physic by amateur females: for its rules are excellent, its physicking comparatively harmless—the "globule" is the one grain of folly which appears to be necessary to make any good thing acceptable. Let then women, if they will give medicine, give homœopathic medicine. It won't do any harm.

An almost universal error among women is the supposition that everybody *must* have the bowels opened once in every twenty-four hours, or must fly immediately to aperients. The reverse is the conclusion of experience.

This is a doctor's subject, and I will not enter more into it; but will simply repeat, do not go on taking or giving to your children your abominable "courses of aperients," without calling in the doctor.

It is very seldom indeed, that by choosing your diet, you cannot regulate your own bowels; and every woman may watch herself to know what kind of diet will do this; I have known deficiency of meat produce constipation, quite as often as deficiency of vegetables; baker's bread much oftener than either. Home-made brown bread will oftener cure it than anything else.

A GOOD HIT.—Porter's "*Spirit of the Times*" takes off the N. Y. *Tribune*, and some other dailies, as follows:—

NEW AND BRILLIANT FIGHTING AND SPORTING PAPER.—Not being essentially a fighting paper—indeed, the province being pre occupied by the Daily and Religious Press—of course our friends will not be surprised at finding our columns unadorned by the drawn fight between Ed Wilson and Harry Gribbin, which we learn from the Tribune took place last Monday, somewhere on an island of the blessed, in the Hudson or East River. Not having space for the publication of this mill, and unwilling to trespass upon the rights of the most holy Sporting and Fighting paper, Greeley's Tribune, we must satisfy ourselves by simply noticing that the "boys" stood up to their work with heroic vigor, and we congratulate them upon having the brilliant and combative Tribune as their historian.

☞ The tongue of the patient develops to physicians the disease of the body, and to philosophers the disease of the mind.

☞ "Jim," said one youngster to another on the Fourth; "Jim, lend me two cents, will yer? I got up so early that I spent all my money before breakfast, and I didn't think the day was going to be so long."

☞ A railroad conductor, who wore a long, roomy, white linen sack coat with a standing collar, and buttoned up to the chin, was recently accosted by an old lady passenger, as follows:—'You are a purty fellow, ain't you? You are the first conductor I ever seed agwine about among a passel ove decent wimmen folks *in your shut tail*. Ain't you 'shamed ove yourself?" He probably was, for he left that car quickly, and unbuttoned the shirt-tail coat.

MARRIED MEN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR:—I think the remarks in your PAST of the 12th, headed—"Flirtations of Married Women," would apply equally to married men; and I think they stand most in need of a few gentle hints on the subject. Therefore will you please to insert the following:—

The so-called innocent flirtation of married men, is one of the great abominations of modern society. Even the desire for promiscuous admiration, is wrong in a husband. Let him be ever so handsome, it is a disgusting and appalling sight to see him decorating himself for public gaze—to see him trying to make an impression upon senseless, frivolous "misses in their teens," and rejoicing more in the admiration of their eyes, than those of his wife. His attractions should be for her alone, and not for the gaze of flippant, silly girls, that flutter around him, in the hope of a seat at the opera, or a ride with his handsome pair. Young understood his sex, when he wrote these lines:—

"You do your rent-rolls most felonious wrong,
By taking their attachment to yourselves."

There are always among the sedate and wise, sensations of disgust, when a married man attempts to ensnare and attract the attention of young girls, or ladies of any age, by a profuse display of his charms, or an unlicensed outlay of his smiles. Such charms and such smiles are loathsome to the indifferent beholder; and the trail of the serpent is over them.

R.

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL AND THE NEGRO WAGONER.—De Bow's Review, in the course of an article, quotes Carlyle as follows:—

Any man's opinion one would accept, all men's opinion, could it be had absolutely without trouble, might be worth accepting. Nay, on certain points I even ask my horse's opinion—as to whether beans will suit him at this juncture, *or a truss of tares*: on this, and the like points I carefully consult my horse, gather, by such language as he has, what my horse's candid opinion as to beans or the truss of tares is, and unhesitating follow the same. As what prudent rider would not? There is no foolish man but what knows one and the other thing more clearly than the wisest man does; no glimmer of human or equine intelligence but can disclose some thing which even the intelligence of a Newton, not present in that exact juncture of circumstances, would not otherwise have ascertained. To such length you would gladly consult all equine, and much more all human intelligences: to such length, and strictly speaking no farther."

The above (continues the Reviewer) reminds us of an anecdote of Chief Justice Marshall. While riding to Court in his single chair, his horse fell and broke a shaft. He was puzzled what to do. Tom, a neighboring negro wagoner, happening to drive up, he asked Tom could he help him out of his difficulty. "Oh, yes, massa, if you'll lend me your knife." Tom took the knife and cut a sapling pole and a grape vine from a neighboring thicket, with which he speedily spliced up the broken shaft. "Now, Tom," said the Judge, "why didn't I think of that?" "Oh, massa, *you know some people will have more sense den others.*"

☞ The mob that broke into the ring during the Sayers and Heenan fight robbed the Americans of all their watches. They come up to time, if their champion didn't.

☞ Jones was travelling with his wife, and was so gallant in his behavior to his *cara sposa*, that madam grew uneasy and remonstrated against his attentions as too marked for public observation. "The d—l!" said Jones, "we're married, I suppose?" "Yes," said the lady, "but judging from your deportment, folks will think we ain't." "Well, what of it?" said Jones. "Why, not much, certainly, for you," said the careful dame—"you are a man; but we women have our characters to take care of." Jones was shocked into propriety for the rest of the journey.

☞ PANTALOONY.—Miss Harriette N. Austin, an editress of a "Reform paper," in Dansville, New York, says:—"My pantaloons are all cut, at the bottom, like gentlemen's. I like them better than straight ones; and those which some ladies have worn, full and gathered at the bottom, are 'unmentionable.' My pattern was cut by a tailor, his wife taking the measure." An exchange calls Harriette "somewhat of a *pantaloonatic*."

☞ One hundred men could not carry the amount of the national debt of England, counted out in ten pound bank of England notes, notwithstanding the lightness of the paper they are printed on.

☞ We might pardon the ungrateful if they would forget who are their enemies as speedily and completely as they often forget who were their friends.

☞ A bache'or friend of ours left a boarding-house in which there were a number of old maids, on account of "the miserable 'fair' set before him at the table."

☞ A poet says that "the wind kisses the waves." That is probably the "kiss for a blow" which the Scriptures commend.

☞ Every fiftieth person in Great Britain is a drunkard; one in every 280 is a prisoner; and one in every 700 inhabits a lunatic asylum. Of the two latter classes, the majority become so through drink.

☞ The principal productions of the State of Wisconsin are said to be pretty girls, railroad bonds, mink and other skins, seed and wheat, Sons of Malta, tax, tides, corner lots, and white fish.

☞ TAKING IT COOLLY.—A gentleman in Cincinnati, a day or two since, was sitting in a barber's shop, undergoing some tonsorial operation, when his partner in business stepped in and quietly remarked:—"Brown, our place is on fire." "Well, let it burn, it's insured." "Yes, I know, but it will make a pretty warm fire, and I thought I'd just drop in and tell you about it; I didn't know but you'd want to see the old place burn." "Well, wait a minute or two, till my other whisker's trimmed, and I'll go with you."

☞ The Cincinnatians, when their drinking water is too thick with mud, are in the habit of filtering it through a cane-bottomed chair.

☞ The strongest minded woman shrinks from being caught in her night-cap.

NEWS ITEMS.

Recently some articles in a drug store, at Ithaca, were burned by the concentrated rays of the sun passing through a glass globe filled with liquid. This shows how easily fires may occur which are charged to incendiaries.

An American belle at Paris has ordered for a fancy ball at the Hotel d'Albe a dress representing fire, and valued at fourteen hundred dollars, exclusive of the jewels that will be worn with it.

The Peach Crop.—A gentleman from Delaware says the prospect for peaches in that State, this year, is very gloomy. In one orchard of fifty acres, in New Castle county, not a blossom has been seen this season. On the Eastern Shore of Maryland, the peach orchards are but little better. The trees are supposed to have suffered from the severe winter. Apples promise a good crop.

The crew of the ship Constant, from Sidney for Manilla, recently wrecked, suffered horribly from exposure and starvation before they were rescued. From the middle of July to the first of September they subsisted upon the scanty food to be obtained from islands in the vicinity of the wreck, but finally were compelled to sacrifice a negro—upon whom the lot fell—to their hunger. No sooner was he devoured than another negro, in the attempt to escape, by drowning, from a similar fate, was shot and eaten also.

Mineral Soap.—In Portland, Chautauqua county, New York, a bed of mineral soap has been found. It looks and appears like old soap-grease. When rubbed upon boots or other leather, it seems the real grease. When the watery vapors are dried out of it, it burns with a strong flame and oily odor. This soapy deposit is upon a fifty-acre piece of farm land in a rough, wild, and marshy valley.

A London journal says that Lord Palmerston rode on horseback to Dansbury (13 miles) the other morning, saw Mainstone (the horse he has entered for the Derby) gallop, then cantered back to Broadlands, had out another horse after luncheon, and rode all over the estate—pretty well for a man of 75.

A correspondent of the London Daily News, states that among those present at the prize-fight, were "a noble Duke, whose 'Aunt Sally' occupied a conspicuous position about two years ago, and a noble Earl who has been twice Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, under Lord Derby!"

The English Scandalmongers say that the young Prince of Wales is coming to Canada to escape the consequences of injudicious promises made to a Lady C——— V———. She is about to commence a suit against him, it is said.

"A Fair Shake."—Elder Kimball, of the Mormon church, while preaching recently in Salt Lake City, Utah territory, addressed some missionaries who were about starting on a proselytizing tour, as follows:—"Brethren, I want you to understand that it is not to be as it has been heretofore. The brother missionaries have been in the habit of picking out the prettiest woman for themselves before they got here, and bringing on the ugliest for us; hereafter you have to bring them all here before taking any of them, and let us all have a fair shake!"

Some of the great painter Turner's early works have recently been discovered, executed when the celebrated painter was about eighteen years old, including a portrait of himself, painted in 1792. There is not a feature which bears the mark or promise of genius. Mr. Ruskin has become the possessor of this portrait, as well as of an elementary sketch, containing some fifteen thousand pencil jottings and outlines.

Last Wednesday, a romantic young lady, who was accustomed to reading the "Cobb" literature of the present day, left the home of her father, in Milwaukie, persuaded by the wiles of the servant girl, who induced her to believe that she was beloved by a French count. the detectives were put on the track, and arrested the party in Chicago. The count turned out to be a pickpocket, the lover of the servant.—*Exchange paper.*

The literary world, not less than the children and the readers of children's books, will lament the death of S. G. Goodrich, Esq., (Peter Parley,) which occurred at his residence, in New York. He was in his 67th year. His sickness was but of two days' duration, and his death peaceful and painless.

Good News from the West.—Our Western exchanges team with accounts of the enlivening aspect of business. The Oswego Commercial Times, noticing the extraordinary receipts of flour, grain and lumber, at that port, as compared with last year at this time, far exceeding anticipations, remarks that "it is safe to predict a year of unparalleled prosperity." The Rochester Union says it "is a fact which cannot be questioned that, just now, there are more than ordinary signs of prosperity apparent in our city." The Buffalo Courier, noticing the improved condition of things, observes, "that in our own city the revival is quite as far and hopefully advanced as elsewhere." The St. Louis Democrat says: "After a season of almost unexampled dullness throughout the West, the whole country just emerging from the chaos which succeeded the panic of 1857, we find our city manufacturing establishments full of work and inspired with more vigor than ever." According to this authority, the iron foundries, as representatives of manufacturing interests, "report steady progress and great confidence in the future." In agriculture the same degree of activity is noticed, and on all sides there are indications of an abundant harvest.

Important Measures in Congress.—The doings of Congress last week were more important than usual. The Tariff Bill was passed in the House by 105 yeas to 64 nays—the value of wool to be imported free of duty being reduced from twenty to eighteen cents per pound.

The bill repealing those Acts of the Legislature of New Mexico which authorize slavery, &c., was passed by yeas 97, nays 90.

Bills reported by the Committee on Territories for the organization of the Territories of Chippewa, Arizona, Nevada, Idaho, (which means "Gem of the Mountain,") and Dacotah, were laid on the table; the first on motion of Mr. Thayer, (Popular Sovereignty Repub.) of Massachusetts, by 101 yeas to 73 nays. These bills all contained a clause similar to the Wilmot Proviso.

In the Senate, the Senate Homestead Bill was passed by a vote of 44 yeas to 8 nays. Mr. Wade, of Ohio, previous to its passage, made an unsuccessful motion to substitute the House Bill for the Senate Bill, but was defeated in his attempt by a vote of 25 yeas to 30 nays.

Constitutional Union Convention.—The Convention was composed of delegates from portions of 23 States—no delegates being present from California, Iowa, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Carolina, and Wisconsin, with the exception of one from Minnesota, who declined voting.

Hon. John Bell, of Tenn., was nominated for President on the second ballot, and Edward Everett for the Vice Presidency by acclamation. The platform adopted is "The Constitution of the Country, the Union of the States, and the Enforcement of the Laws." General Houston received 68½ votes for the Presidential nomination.

☞ French Definitions.—*Idea.*—The object for which France goes to war. A geographical expression. Savoy. Nice. Probably the Rhine Provinces.

Natural Boundaries.—The limits of French ambition. The Universe. See idea.—*London Punch.*

Tornado in Tennessee.—We learn from the Searcy Eagle, of the latest date, that a terrific tornado lately passed over Velvet Ridge, White county. That journal says: About midday, they heard a tremendous roaring, when on looking out they saw a black cloud; though small, it approached as if on lightning wings, blowing down and tearing up every thing in its path. Mr. Joseph Acklin saw from the direction that the cloud was coming, that it would strike his house, and attempted with his family to escape the fury of the wind, as it was but a streak of some two hundred yards in width; but in doing so they were caught in the wind, and none knew the fate of the other until the storm had somewhat abated, when Mr. Acklin found two of his daughters all mangled and torn, and several others of his family badly wounded. The daughters of Mr. Acklin are the only lives lost, as far as heard from. The damage done the farmers in the loss of stock, and the blowing down of timber and fences, is almost incredible.

Female Progress.—Among the "bits of news" for a single day, we find four suggestive mentions of women. One is that the Marchioness of Allesbury is about the smartest railway speculator in England. Another is, that Lola Montes has fought a duel. A third is, that a young lady has been ruined and murdered, of whom it is said, "*She wrote some for the papers*, was easily flattered, giddy and imprudent." And a fourth is the account of the two girls "walking a match" in Boston, of whom one is described as a girl that "talked well and had obtained *considerable reputation as a writer* for the weekly papers about Boston."

Misled by a Church.—The steamer City of Cleveland arrived at Buffalo May 2d, and the following incident is told as having occurred at Dunkirk. The mate who was at the wheel while making the port of Dunkirk, (who is an old lake sailor, and well acquainted with the harbor there, but who has been absent for the last year,) always laid his course by a certain church spire. He did so this time, and the consequence was that the vessel was soon high upon the reef. The church had been removed, it seems, recently, some four blocks from its original position. It is said the mate is losing confidence in everything, now that the churches deceive him.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There has been very little demand for Flour, either for export or home use, during the past week, and the market generally has ruled unsettled, and in favor of the buyers. Sales only reach some 3@400 bbls. in small lots, part to go East, at $6@6 25 for common mixed to good straight superfine, $6 37½@6 50 for extra, $6 62½@6 75 for family, and $7@7 50 ₱ bbl. for fancy brands, as in quality. The sales to the trade have been to a moderate extent only, at the above rates, and the market closes very dull. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are also but little inquired for, and dull, the former selling in a small way at $4 12½@4 25, and the latter at $3 62½ ₱ bbl. for Pennsylvania Meal.

GRAIN—There has been more wheat arriving, and prices, under a fair demand for milling, are fully 5c ₱ bushel lower. The sales reach about 40,000 bushels in lots, mostly Pennsylvania, at $1 45@1 48, closing at $1 46 for prime reds, and $1 55@1 60 for white, the latter for prime, including 4000 bushels very handsome Illinois white to arrive at $1 65, and some small lots of choice southern at higher rates. Rye is steady, with further sales of 4000 bushels Pennsylvania in lots, mostly at 87c. Corn has been in fair request at former quotations, and about 30,000 bushels yellow sold at 70@73c for inferior, and 75@78½c for good and very prime yellow afloat, including some white at 76@80c, the latter for choice, which is very scarce. Oats are unchanged and not so freely offered, and about 12,000 bushels sold at 45@45½c for Pennsylvania, 44½c for Delaware, and 43c for Virginia. Nothing doing in barley or barley malt worthy of notice.

PROVISIONS—The receipts and stocks of all kinds are light, and the market steady, but quiet, at quotations, Mess Pork selling in lots, as wanted, at $18,25@18,50, cash and time, and extra quality city packed at $18,75, cash; a sale of Rump was made at $15 ₱ bbl. No change in Beef, and but little selling. Bacon is taken in lots as wanted, part to go South, at 10@12c for plain and fancy Hams, 10½c for Sides, and 8@8½c for Shoulders, usual terms. Green Meats are firm, with sales of about 800 casks to note, in lots, at 9½c for Hams in salt; 10c for prime do in pickle; 9½@9½c for Sides, and 7½@7½c for Shoulders in salt, on time. Some large sales of bulk Meat were also made on terms kept private. Lard is firmer, with sales of bbls and tcs at 11½@11½c, and kegs at 12½@12½c, cash and time. Butter is dull, Roll selling slowly at 13@16c, and packed at 9@10c ₱ lb. Cheese is steady at 11½@11½c for New York. Eggs are lower, and selling at 10@11c ₱ dozen. Rice is firmer, with sales of 300 casks to note at 4 3-16@4½c ₱ lb, usual terms; now held higher.

COTTON—The foreign news has imparted a much better feeling to the market, and fine grades are scarce and in demand at ½@¼c advance on last week's rates, and other descriptions, however, are dull and neglected, manufacturers buying only to supply their immediate wants, sales reaching about 1300 bales in small lots at from 5 up to 13½c for inferior to ordinary, middling and middling fair uplands and gulfs, cash and time.

DARK—The demand for Quercitron fell off early in the week, and some small sales were made at $29 for 1st No. 1, which is a decline. There has been more inquiry since, and the market closes firm at that price. Tanners' Bark is unchanged, and a moderate business doing.

BEESWAX is generally held above the views of buyers, and we quote good yellow at 34@35c ₱ lb., without much offering or selling.

COAL—Orders come in slowly, and the market is very inactive for the season, but without any change to note in price or demand.

COFFEE—There is little or no stock in first hands, and none arriving, a vessel just in having returned in ballast. A few small lots only have been disposed of at full prices, mostly Laguayra at 14c, on the usual credit.

COPPER is dull, and a small business doing in sheathing and yellow metal at steady prices.

FEATHERS are scarce, with but few arriving or selling, the demand being very light, at 48@50c ₱ lb.

HEMP—The stock is nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers, and we hear of no sales to alter quotations.

HIDES continue dull but firm; there has been no further arrivals, and we hear of no sales.

HOPS are selling slowly at 8@14c for Eastern and Western.

IRON—Buyers come forward slowly, and the market for this staple remains very inactive. Sales include about 1500 tons Anthracite pig metal in lots at $23 for No 1, and $22 for No 2, and 500 tons Gray Forge at $23, all on the usual terms, the latter delivered at Pittsburg. Scotch pig is selling in a small way only at $25@26, on time. Blooms and boiler iron continue dull and prices the same. In bars and rails there is also very little doing, and no change to note.

LEAD—The stock is light and the market quiet; an import of Galena, received coastwise, has been previously sold and reported.

LEATHER is dull, the firmness of holders generally having a tendency to check business.

LUMBER moves off as wanted, at steady rates. Sales include Susquehanna white pine boards at $14@17, yellow sap do, $14@16; Lehigh hemlock do, $10,50@11; raft do, joist and scantling, $7,50@8; cypress shingles, $13@19, as to size; and laths at $1,80@2 per thousand, the latter in lots.

MOLASSES—There is very little prime here, and the only sales we hear of are some 500 hhds clayed Cuba, mostly on terms kept private; Muscovado, in lots at 32@33c, and New Orleans at 47@48c, all on time.

PLASTER is unsettled and lower, sales having been made at $3 ₱ ton. There is very little, however, arriving.

SEEDS—There has been very little Cloverseed offering or selling, and sales are reported at $4@4 50 for common to good, and $4 75@4 87½c ₱ bushel for prime quality. Timothy is scarce and selling at $3 50@3 75. A sale was also made from second hands at $3 87½ ₱ bushel. Of Flaxseed, which is scarce, sales are reported at $1 62 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy is unchanged but quiet, and about the usual business doing. Gins are steady. N. E. Rum sells as wanted at 35@36c. Whiskey has been unsettled; Pennsylvania bbls. selling at 21@21½c; Ohio do. 22½@23c; Drudge 19½@20c, and hhds. at 21@21½c.

SUGARS are more active and bring full prices. The week's sales reaching about 1200 hhds at 6¼@7¼c for Cuba; 6¼@7¼c for Porto Rico, and 6@7c for New Orleans. Some small sales of box Sugars were made at 6¾@7¾c, all on time.

TALLOW is dull, and city rendered moves off slowly at 10½c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO is very quiet, and the sales of leaf and manufactured light; prices, however, are unchanged.

WOOL—The market for domestic continues very inactive, and prices of most kinds rule unsettled and in favor of the buyers, among the sales, which are chiefly in small lots, we notice 7,500 lbs fine fleece at 55c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2000 head. The prices ranged from $10½ to 10¾, and for good and prime from $9 to 10 ₱ 100 lbs. Ordinary cattle sold at from $8 to 8½. 4000 head of Sheep in market, and sales were brisk at from 5 to 6½c ₱ lb, unsheared, and from 4 to 5c for sheared. Hogs—2100 head sold at prices varying from $7 to 8½ for still fed, and from $8 to 8½ for corn fed.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

May 12.—FLOUR has a declining tendency, and the market is heavy—Sales of 11,000 bbls at $5,35 for State, and $6,10 for Ohio, a decline of 5c on each; Southern brands are unchanged. Wheat is heavy and declining; sales of 16,000 bus at $1,49 for red Western. Corn steady. Sales of 50,000 bus at 77@78½c for white, and 80@83c for yellow. Pork steady. Mess $17,50@18. Lard steady. Whiskey drooping; sales at 22½@23c.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, by Mayor Henry, William P. Troth, to Clara G. daughter of Samuel Townsend.

On Wednesday, May 9, at St. Matthew's Church, by the Rev. G. Emlen Hare, D. D., David L. Huntingdon, M. D. to Annie M. daughter of Wm. H. Allen, President of Girard College.

At Dedham, Mass. on Wednesday evening, 2d instant, by the Rev. Dr. Lamson, Frederick H. French, of this city, to Isabella F. daughter of Fred. H. Cobb., Esq., of Dedham.

On the 27th ultimo, in the Pleasant Valley Methodist Church, Scott county, Iowa, by the Rev. Saml. Y. Harmer, Mr. William Walker, of Clinton county, Iowa, to Miss Sarah Roop, of Germantown, Pa.

May 6th, by the Rev. Robert B. Pattison, Mr. Alfred H. Read, to Miss Jane Murray, both of this city.

On the 2d of Feb. by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. Isaac Simpson, to Miss Elizabeth Neal, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In the city of Madison, on the 27th ultimo, of consumption, Francis M. Curtiss, aged 25 years, daughter of S. E. Curtiss, of Watertown, Wis.

May 7th, 1860, Eliza, wife of John C. Offerman, aged 65 years.

On Sabbath morning, May 6th, Martha A. B. Webster, wife of Wm. Webster, late of this city.

At Madrid, Spain, on the 27th of Feb. Joseph Thatcher, a native of this city, aged 39 years.

At Schuylkill Haven, on the evening of seventh-day, 5th instant, Margery T. Warner, wife of E. Tatnall Warner, Jr. of Schuylkill Haven, Pa. and youngest child of the late E. Tatnall, of Wilmington, Del. in her 24th year.

On the 5th instant, Thomas Sergeant, in his 79th year.

At West Chester, Pa. on Friday night, the 4th instant, Mifflin B. Broomall, in his 43d year.

On the 7th instant, James Ferguson, in his 68th year.

On the 5th instant Mrs. Mary Fordney, in her 79th year.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. Ellen Flinn, aged 70 years.

On the 6th instant, Thomas Pennell, in his 33d year.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62	102	—
" " '67	100	—
" " '68	100	—
" " "5" coupon '70s	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	102s	102½
" " new	105½	106
" "5"	94	—
Phila 5 pr ct,	78	—
" " coupon	43	50
Al'gy City 6 pr ct	68	73
" County	43	50
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" "5"	94½	95
Penn 6 "	91½	92
" "5" coupon	80	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	93½	—
Ohio " 1856	103½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	90	93½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	93½	93
N Y City 6's	112	113
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	142	145
Philadelphia	116	116½
Far & Mec	—	53½
Commercial	56½	57
N Liberty	—	47
Mechanics	26½	27
Southwark	59	—
P Township	26	—
Kensington	60	—
Girard	46	46½
Western	—	68
Man & Mec	22	—
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	43	—
Consolidation	22½	—
Commonwealth	31	32½
Corn Exchange	—	21½
Germantown	—	42
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	32	—
Exchange "	50	—
Kentucky, Ky	135	136
Northern "	126	—
Louisville "	125	—
Farmers "	110	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	90	—
Planters "	—	100
N O Gas Light	101	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	23½	—
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	—	—
New Grenada	—	—
N America Ins'co	17	20
N Liberties Gas	50	—
Southwark Gas	—	—
Frankford R R Bonds	53½	54
	90	—

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR		
1st mort bonds	100	102
2nd "	93½	94½
" stock	34	35½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	95
" stock	—	130
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	—	99
mort 6's '44	—	—
" '88	72½	73
" stock 21 41-100		21¾
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	92½	93
" stock	46	—
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	39	40
6 pr ct loan, '60	95½	—
Ches Val R R, '73	38½	—
Tioga R R '76	—	85
Wil'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	56	58
" 2nd "	10	—
" stock	1	1½
Catawissa	1	1
Beaver Meadow stock	62	—
" preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn'a R R stock	9	9½
6 pr ct loan	68½	69½
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	—	50
6 pr ct loan	97	102
Minehill R R	61½	—
Har & Lan R R stock	57½	60
bonds '83	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	13	15
Long Island R R stock	12	12½
bonds	53	55
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	90½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	57½	—
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '82	74½	74½
imp. 6 pr ct	60	—
stock	—	31
preferred	19½	19½
Lehigh Nav stock	53½	53
mort 6 pr ct	100	101
scrip	31	32
Morris Consol'd	50½	—
preferred	110	—
Ches & Del	40	—
bonds	79	—
Union	1	—
bonds	—	20
Sus & Tidewater	3½	4
bonds, 1879	30½	—

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BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, May 12, 1860.

Pennsylvania.		South Carolina.	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		Solv bks ¾ dis	
New Jersey.		Alabama.	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		Solv bks 1 to 2½ dis	
Delaware		Mississippi.	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		All bks uncertain	
Maryland.		Louisiana.	
Baltimore par to ¼ dis		Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Ohio.	
New York.		Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis	
Sol bks par to ¼ dis		Kentucky.	
Maine.		Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Indiana.	
New Hampshire.		State bank 1 to 1½ dis	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Illinois.	
Vermont.		Solv bks 3 dis	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Missouri.	
Connecticut.		Solv bks 2 dis	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Tennessee.	
Massachusetts.		Old bks 1½ dis	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Michigan.	
Rhode Island.		Solv bks 1½ dis	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Wisconsin.	
Virginia.		Solv bks 3 dis	
Solv bks ¾ to 1 dis		Texas.	
Dist. of Columbia.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston — dis	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Canada.	
North Carolina.		Solv bks 1 dis	
Solv bks ¾ to 1½ dis			
Georgia.			
Solv bks ¼ dis			

LEVEES OF THE "LITTLE FAIRY,"

MISS DOLLIE DUTTON.

The smallest girl in the world, of her age, 9 years old, 26 inches high, and weighing only 13 pounds, an infinitely greater curiosity than General Tom Thumb.

She sings the following Songs at each Levee:

1. MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.
2. WHEN I WAS SINGLE.
3. THE EVENING STAR.
4. MY GRANDMA'S ADVICE.
5. I'M SIXTY-TWO.
6. WILLIE, WE HAVE MISSED YOU.

MISS E. L. WELLS,

Of Philadelphia, will preside at the Piano, and sing both in English and Italian, selecting from the most popular airs.

The Piano used on this occasion is from the warerooms of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, 807 Chestnut Street.

Tickets may be obtained at the Music Stores of Chickering & Sons, 807, and G. Andre & Co., 1104 Chestnut St.

She will give LEVEES at the ASSEMBLY BUILDING, Corner of Tenth and Chestnut Streets, IN THE LARGE HALL, SECOND FLOOR, Every Afternoon and Evening (except Sunday), to May 26th inclusive, at 3 and 8 o'clock.

Doors open at 2 and 7 o'clock.
Afternoon Levee closes at 4½ o'clock.
Evening Levee closes at 9½ o'clock.
Admission 15 cents. Children 10 cents.

J. H. LILLIE, Agent.
ALBERT NORTON, Manager.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

PHILADELPHIA,

CORNER CHESTNUT AND NINTH STREETS.

OPENED IN FEBRUARY, 1860.

This magnificent establishment, now in successful operation, is universally conceded to be in all respects

The Most Complete Hotel in the World,

and will be conducted upon a scale of liberality in all its departments which cannot fail to make it the popular head-quarters for pleasure tourists from the South and West, during the early Summer and the Autumn. Accommodations are offered for nearly 1000 *guests*, fitted and furnished with every modern improvement which experience could suggest for comfort and convenience, while *a vertical railway* is to be introduced to convey parties by steam in a commodious car to the upper floors, thus securing the purer air and quiet of the higher rooms *without the fatigue of ascending stairs.*

Another novel improvement has been effected by which a powerful fan-wheel, (operated by steam), forces a current of fresh air through the public rooms and corridors, cooling and ventilating the house in a superior manner.

The interior arrangements and furnishing have been completed under the personal supervision of Paran Stevens, the Lessee, under whose management the well-known success of the Revere House and Tremont House in Boston, the Battle House and Point Clear Hotel in Mobile, Ala., and the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York has been established, and no efforts or expense will be spared to render the Continental the most attractive travellers' Home in the Union. J. E. STEVENS & CO., *Proprietors.*
my17-2t

WHISKERS OR MOUSTACHES.—Do you want Whiskers or Moustaches? My ONGUENT, established in 1852, will force them to grow on the smoothest face in six weeks, without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1. Sent post free to any address.

R. G. GRAHAM, 100 Nassau St., New York City.

Banjo Instructions—Banjo Music.

PHIL RICE'S BANJO, WITH OR WITHOUT A MASTER, containing Solos, Duets, Trios and Songs, $1,00. BRIGGS' BANJO INSTRUCTOR, containing instructions and over 50 Dances, Polkas, Melodies, &c., 50 cents. HOWE'S INSTRUCTIONS AND TUNES FOR THE BANJO, 25 cts. Copies sent *post paid*, on receipt of the price. Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co., 277 Washington Street, Boston.

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DIRECT SANCTION

of the highest scientific authority. The most distinguished of our chemists, (and as an analysis second to none in the world),

DR. CHILTON

has certified over his own signature, that this dye contains *no deleterious ingredient.* The official document may be seen at No. 6 Astor House.

IS IT WISE TO RISK

unauthenticated dyes when one thus endorsed and immeasurably superior to all others in the quality of the colors it imparts, is obtainable.

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☞ Payment is required in advance.

AMERICAN WATCHES,

MADE BY THE

AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY,

AT WALTHAM, MASS.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Attention is invited to the following statement of facts in regard to these watches, and some considerations why they should be preferred to those of foreign manufacture:

Their sale has been constantly on the increase ever since the business was commenced, thus proving *that they have grown into popular favor through their intrinsic merits.* As an evidence of the extent to which they have received the endorsement of the public, we may state, that upwards of Thirty Thousand of them are now in daily use in the United States, giving perfect satisfaction to their owners.

This result has been effected in the teeth of the most determined and violent opposition from the greater part of those in the Watch Importing Trade in the large cities, who have systematically used all their influence with their customers, to discourage their dealing in an article which threatened, by its superiority, to displace the foreign watch to a very large extent. Many of the Jewelers and Watchmakers of the interior, a large proportion of them foreigners, seconded the efforts of the Watch Importers, being persuaded by their counsels, and misled by a contracted and imperfect view of their own interests, by the fear of loss on their stock of imported watches, and the apprehension that their profits might be diminished through competition in a well known domestic article, with other groundless prejudices arising from a superficial inquiry into the subject. Notwithstanding this, however, the watches have steadily gained in the estimation of the people, the retailers have been constrained to keep them to supply the demand, and by degrees, we are happy to add, their prejudices and alarms are being dissipated.

Our peculiar system of making the different parts of each watch the exact counterpart of every other watch of the same series, leads to a uniformity in quality which can never be attained by the foreign process. If one of our watches is good all are good; whereas each foreign watch is only a probability by itself, depending upon the skill and fidelity of the particular workman who may happen to be employed upon it. In addition to these primary conditions of success, every watch issued by the Company, is made of the most choice and enduring materials, carefully finished by the various processes to which they are subjected, and then put together, inspected and *severely* tested by the best workmen in the factory. Such has been the care with which these various duties have been performed, that out of the large number of watches sold, not more than a dozen or two have been returned the Company for exchange, from any cause whatever.

Every watch is guaranteed by a guaranty, that is good for something, and by parties that can be readily reached. Foreign watches, of the most inferior description, are often *fully guaranteed* by their makers, whom it is impossible to call to account under any circumstances.

American Watches come to the consumer unburdened by the various expenses and profits incident to importation—the total of which, including custom-house duties, more than doubles the prime cost of the watch before it gets to the pocket of the ultimate owner. This consideration of itself should decide the question in our favor.

Every dollar diverted from the purchase of foreign watches is so much saved to the country, so much encouragement to home industry, and so much added to the public wealth. We do not ask a preference on these grounds if our watches are not *better* for the money, than the foreign.

To conclude—we claim that our watches are the best and most durable time-keepers in the world, besides being the cheapest; and we assert that a series of watches was never made that would show so little average variation from true time as those we have issued. In individual instances their performance has been unsurpassed by anything recorded in the history of horology.

A descriptive pamphlet containing full information and numerous certificates from well known individuals, may be had on application to the undersigned.

Caution.—As our watch is now extensively counterfeited by foreign manufacturers, we have to inform the public that no watch is of our production which is unaccompanied by a certificate of genuineness, bearing the number of the watch and signed by our Treasurer, R. E. Robbins, or by our predecessors, Appleton, Tracy & Co.

As these watches are for sale by jewellers generally throughout the Union, we do not solicit orders for single watches.

For the American Watch Company.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Wholesale Agents, No. 182 Broadway, N. Y.

PLATINA POINTS FOR LIGHTNING RODS.—Our Points are made of a tapering copper body, about six inches long, well gilt with pure gold to prevent the action of the weather, and tipped with solid Platina. They have been in use over twenty years, and have given general general satisfaction. Prices $1,00, $1,25, $1,50, $2,00, $3,00, $4,00 per point—the price varying according to the amount of Platina with which the Points are tipped. We have also for sale Glass Insulators, Iron Connectors, &c., &c., &c.

McALLISTER & BRO.,
(*Established in* 1796,)
728 *Chestnut St., Philadelphia.*

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Pamphlets, giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant. B. FRANK PALMER, oct6-1y 376 Chestnut St., Phila.

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BY JAMES HAMILTON,

The Celebrated American Marine Painter.

These Engravings are each 18 by 32 Inches, and are executed in the highest style of the art, on steel, from the original drawings.

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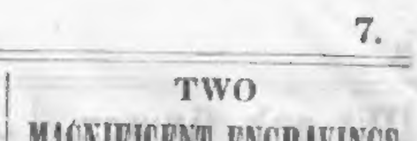

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Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	2.—Over forehead as far as

Wit and Humor.

OUTLINES FOR A NOVEL.

Some writer gives the following "shorthand" memorandum as the proper material to "draw upon" for getting up a sensation novel now-a-days:—

MODERN NOVEL.

A solitary horseman—all alone.
Haunted house.
Pink-eyed girl.
Lover with moustache.
Stern father.
Sickly mother.
Old hag.
Unprincipled cousin.
Cross-eyed rival.
Four caves.
One den of infamy—inhabited.
Thunder and lightning.
Considerable moonshine.
"Beware!"
Winding path.
Revolver and bowie.
Six ruffians.
Old meeting-house.
Graveyard.
One ghost—alive.
Strawberry mark—obliterated.
Birds and flowers.
Back door—unfastened.
Steep precipice.
A shot!
A miss!
A—a—a—
See the next number.

A LONG TIME UP.

The steamer S., commanded by Captain S., exploded several years ago with terrible effect, and burned to the water's edge. Captain S. was blown into the air, alighting near a floating cotton bale, upon which he floated uninjured, but much blackened and muddied. Arrived at a village several miles below, to which news of the disaster had preceded him, he was accosted by the editor of the village paper with whom he was well acquainted, and eager for an item:

"I say, boy, is the S. blown up?"

"Yes."

"Was Captain S. killed?"

"No, I am Captain S."

"The thunder you are? How high were you blown?"

"High enough to think of every mean thing I ever did in my life, before I came down here."

The editor started on a run for his office; the paper was about going to press, and not wishing to omit the item of intelligence for the next issue, two weeks off, wrote as follows:

The steamer S. has burst her boiler, as we learn from Captain S., who says he was up long enough to think of every mean thing he ever did in his life before he lit. We suppose he was up about three months.

A MATTER OF FACT PROPERTY MAN.—A returned Californian tells a pretty good story to the effect that, while at the mines, a one-horse theatrical company opened there with the play of "Rolla." The house was crowded with miners, who were ever ready to patronise anything that would afford amusement. When the Peruvian hero was ready to go on for the interview with the sentinel, whom he attempts to bribe to procure an interview with Alonzo, he asked the property man for the wedge of gold which he is supposed to use, when that individual handed him a gilded brickbat of the ordinary size. It was too late, the stage was waiting, and Rolla entered and went through the scene. He came off in a towering passion, and nabbed the property man.

"What in thunder did you mean by giving me a heavy brick to carry on there, instead of a piece of shingle, or a spike, gilded!"

"That might all be very well in the States," replied the property man, "but an offer to bribe *here* with anything short of a five pound chunk, would have turned the audience against you; the play would have been literally d—d, and the theatre would have ended the first night!"

The tragedian saw the force of his reasoning, and he succumbed at once.

RULES FOR GOING TO SLEEP.—1. Fix the thoughts on some one thing. If you can't do that, fix them on two things. *Fix 'em!*—You can easily unfix them after you once get to sleep.

2. Don't go to sleep with your head down against the foot-board, or your feet dangling on the floor. It disturbs the electric currents.

3. A writer recommends to suspend a bass-drum over your bed, within your reach, and pound on it with your fist. It will induce sound sleep.

4. Rolling the eye-balls is good, except for blind people. It may be a permanent injury to their sight. Rolling out of bed may be substituted in such cases.

AN IRISHMAN'S ACQUAINTANCE.—A western physician was riding in an omnibus, when an Irishman stepped in, and recognizing the doctor, said—

"Och, an' sure, an' its Docther J———, I persave."

"That's my name, sir, but I haven't the pleasure of knowing you," responded the polite doctor.

"Indade! but I'm the fella what made yer last boots, and which yer honor forgot to get a resate for the payment ov!"

The ladies tittered, the doctor's memory was refreshed, and Paddy got his money and gave the "resate" when the doctor got to his destination.

INGENIOUS ORDER.—A country captain, desiring to cross a field, came to an opening in the fence large enough to admit two persons to pass abreast. Unfortunately he was deficient in military tactics, and could not remember the order which would have accomplished the difficult task of filing through, but his ingenuity did not desert him, and therefore he ordered a halt, and then said:—"Gentlemen, you are dismissed for one minute, when you will fall in on t'other side of the fence."

RULES FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT. *By a Prudent Old Gentleman*:

Always sit next to the carver, if you can, at dinner.

Ask no woman her age.

Be civil to all rich uncles and aunts.

Never joke with a policeman.

Take no notes, or gold, with you to a Fancy Bazaar—nothing but silver.

Your oldest hat, of course, for an evening party.

Don't play at chess with a widow.

Never contradict a man who stutters.

Pull down the blind before you put on your wig.

Make friends with the steward on board a steamer—there's no knowing how soon you may be placed in his power.

In every strange house it is as well to inquire where the brandy is kept—only think if you were taken ill in the night!

Never answer a crossing sweeper. Pay him, or else pass quickly and silently on. One word, and you are lost.

Keep your own secrets. Tell no human being you dye your whiskers.

Never offend a butler—the wretch has too many chances of retaliation!

Write not one letter more than you can help. The man who keeps up a large correspondence is a martyr, tied not to the stake, but to the post.

Wind up your conduct, like your watch, once every day, examining minutely whether you are "fast" or "slow."

TAG, RAG AND BOBTAIL.—The following is related of the celebrated Judge Peters, of Pennsylvania:—

"When General Lafayette was on his last visit to this country, 'Independence Hall,' in the State House at Philadelphia, was opened, in order that the public might have a chance to shake hands with the friend of Washington.

"Judge Peters being appointed one of the Committee to introduce the 'great unwashed,' there was a circle formed, on one side of which stood the General and the Judge; those wishing to be introduced being obliged to walk across from the opposite side, and after paying their respects retire on either side, to make way for others.

"One individual—who, from his manner, evidently thought it the most important event of his life, being dressed within an inch thereof—was seen elbowing his way through the dense mass congregated near the door, and the pressure took off his coat-tails, leaving nothing but the body of his otherwise faultless dress-coat. In his excitement he knew nothing of his loss; but having gained the front of the circle he strode across the vacant space with the air of a man who thinks he is creating a sensation. And, you'll better believe he thought right; for the moment the Judge saw him approaching he turned to the General, saying, 'I have introduced you to Tag and Rag, now here comes Bobtail!'"

SINGULAR RUSSIAN MANNER OF SHOWING HONOR TO GUESTS.

FROM COLLINS' "VOYAGE DOWN THE AMOOR."

Though the wine continued to flow, *I really* hoped that the dinner was over. I could not now see much room for its continuance, and I was sure there could not be much more room within the company. Finally, the Golovah rose, and the dinner ended, and with it, as I supposed, the drinking also; but I was mistaken. We adjourned to the coffee-room, where tea and coffee were both served; the tea really delicious, the purest herb of China. I drank very freely of it, for I hoped that it would counteract the effects of the wine. As soon as politeness would seem to justify, we rose to depart. In the meantime, the dining-room had been cleared of every vestige of the dinner, tables and all, and was now occupied by groups in animated conversation. As soon as we entered the apartment, servants, bearing trays loaded with glasses, foaming with champagne, approached us, and the Golovah pressed us to take the parting glass. This it was idle to refuse, so we drank, as we supposed, for really the last time. Presently, I noticed a pretty dense circle encompassing Peyton, and in an instant he was seized by half-a-dozen stout, jolly merchants, and tossed up in the direction of the ceiling. Fortunately it was not a very low one, or else he must have gone through the roof. Down he came, however, into the hands of his tormentors, who sent him up again, if anything, higher than ever, the most uproarious mirth and laughter prevailing. My companion was not a small man, or a light one, but he was no more than a feather in the hands of these portly Siberians.

This sport is called in Russia *podkcedovate*, or tossing-up, and is considered a mark of great respect. General Mouravieff told me, after our return, that he had had *podkcedovate*, performed upon him in the same room.

During the performance, I stood half-aghast, looking at the figure Peyton was cutting, a man six feet high and well proportioned, going up and down like a trap-ball, his coat-tail flying sky-high, and his face as red as a brick. I was all the time consoling myself that they had administered this extra touch of hospitality to Peyton because they considered him the most worthy, and the best able to stand it, and I said to Beetsov, "I hope one tossing for the American nation will be considered honor enough." He replied, "Your turn will very likely come to."

After a while Peyton came down, and stayed down. Servants again came around, and we had to drink champagne. I had just emptied my glass, and placed it on the waiter, when, without a moment's warning, I was seized, and up I went. Being much lighter than Peyton, and handled after him by these stout, and now very jovial and mellow fellows, I have a distinct recollection of touching the ceiling. My coat-tail certainly did, and what I thought at first a piece of good fortune, now proved to be otherwise, for, having taken Peyton's guage with regard to weight, they did not take into consideration my lightness, and I came near going through the top of the house. Up I went and down I came, only to go up again, until my friends were satisfied that if I was not drunk before, my head would certainly swim now. However, I was able to stand when I came to my feet, which was more than I calculated upon when tossing between the floor and ceiling.

Of course, we all had to take another drink. By this time Peyton and I were working our way towards the door, in order to evacuate this citadel of hospitality, and finally succeeded in reaching our sleigh, which was standing near the entrance of the house; we had, however, to partake of the stirrup-cup after we were seated; and thus ended one of the most extraordinary, and, barring the overflow of wine, one of the most agreeable dinners I ever partook of.

THE extraordinary habits of the domestic cat, as discovered by housekeepers generally. See usual evidence of kitchen maid—"Please, mam, it must a' been that 'ere cat."

SPRING DISEASES.

Any housekeeper would be considered demented who would keep up as fierce a fire on the hearth in the spring as in mid-winter. On the contrary, as the days grow warmer, less and less fuel is used, until the fire is not kindled at all. One of the two main objects of eating is to keep the body warm; and it need not be argued that less warmth is required in summer than in winter; but if we eat as heartily as the spring advances as we did in cold weather, we will burn up with fever, because we have made too much heat. The instincts of our nature are perfectly wonderful. To our shame is it, that we not only do not heed them, but oppose them, fight against them with an amazing fatuity. As the warm weather comes on, we are all conscious of a diminution of appetite, and we either begin to apprehend we are about to get sick, or set about stimulating ourselves with tonics, and bitters, and various kinds of teas, with a view of purifying the blood. How many swills of sassafras-tea has the reader taken to that end? No such purification would be needed, if we would follow nature's instincts, and eat only with the inclination she gives us, instead of taking tonics to make us eat more, when we actually require less.

Observant persons have noticed that as spring comes on, there is less relish for meats of all kinds, and we yearn for the early spring vegetables, the "greens," the salads, the spinnage, the radishes, and the like. Why? Just look at it! Meats have more than fifty per cent. of carbon, of the heating-form principle. Vegetables and berries have ten per cent., five per cent., one per cent. of heat! Potatoes have eleven per cent., turnips three per cent., gooseberries only one.

Literally, incalculable are the good results which would follow a practical attention to these facts. Those who are wise will take no tonics for the spring, will swallow no teas to purify the blood, nor imagine themselves to be about getting sick, because they have not in May as vigorous an appetite as in December, but will at once yield themselves to the guidance of the instincts, and eat not an atom more than they have an inclination for to the end of a joyous spring-time and a summer of glorious health; while those who will eat, who will stimulate the stomach with tonics, and "force" their food, must suffer with drowsiness, depression, and distressing lassitude; and while all nature is waking up to gladness and newness of life, they will have no renovation and no well-springs of joyous and exuberant health.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE SPLENDOR OF DAMASCUS.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sydon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in the sands of the desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates; Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a centre of trade and travel—an island of verdure in a desert—"a predestined capital"—with martial and sacred associations extending through more than thirty centuries. It was "near Damascus" that Saul of Tarsus saw the "light from heaven above the brightness of the sun;" the street called Strait, in which it was said "he prayeth," still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did a thousand years ago; and there are still the sheik, the ass and the water-wheel; the merchants of the Euphrates and of the Mediterranean still "occupy" these "with the multitude of their wares." The city which Mahomet surveyed from a neighboring height, and was afraid to enter, because it is given to have but one Paradise, and for his part he was resolved not to have it in this world—is to this day, what Julian called "the eye of the East," as it was in the time of Isaiah, the head of Syria. From Damascus came the damson, our blue plum, and the delicious apricot of Portugal called damasco; damask, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised upon a smooth bright ground; the damask rose introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII.; the Damascus blade, so famous, the world over, for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried off the arts into Persia; and that beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with silver and gold, a kind of Mosaic—engravings and sculpture united—called Damaskeening, with which boxes and bureaus and swords and guns, are ornamented. It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; and streams from Lebanon, the "rivers of gold," still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of "Syriah gardone."

WOMAN IN ADVERSITY.—Women should be more trusted and confided in as wives, mothers, and sisters. They have a quick perception of right and wrong, and, without always knowing why, read the present and future, read characters and acts, designs and probabilities, where man sees no letter or sign. What else do we mean by the adage "mother wit," save that woman has a quicker perception and readier invention than man? How often, when man abandons the helm in despair, *woman seizes it, and carries the home-ship* through the storm! Man often flies from home and family to avoid impending poverty or ruin. Woman seldom, if ever, forsook home thus. Woman never evaded mere temporal calamity by suicide or desertion. The proud banker, rather than live to see his poverty gazetted, may blow out his brains and leave wife and children to want, protectorless. Loving woman would have counselled him to accept poverty, and live to cherish his family, and retrieve his fortune. Woman should be counselled and confided in. It is the beauty and glory of her nature that it instinctively grasps at and clings to the truth and right. Reason, man's greatest faculty, takes time to hesitate before it decides; but woman's instinct never hesitates in its decision, and is scarcely ever wrong where it has even chances with reason. Woman feels where man thinks, acts where he deliberates, hopes where he despairs, and triumphs where he falls.

☞ AN Irishman who had blistered his fingers by endeavoring to draw on a pair of boots, exclaimed, "I believe I shall never get them on until I have worn them a day or two!"

☞ PROSPERITY is no just scale, adversity is the only true balance to weigh friends.

Agricultural.

HOW TO GET A GREAT CROP OF POTATOES.

When any of my neighbors raise better crops or get them with less labor than I can, I am apt to want to know how they do it. On the other hand, if they have extravagant theories, do a great deal of extra work on their land, fuss a great deal with composting manures, and thoroughly pulverizing the land, and still do not show any better crops than their neighbors, I am not particularly inquisitive to know or practice their theories.

Happening a few days ago to be in the cellar of Capt. S. Hayden, of Hollis, I noticed his bins of splendid potatoes, and had the curiosity to inquire how he raised them. He told me that on ground ploughed in the spring he furrowed as deep as he could without turning up the turf. He prepared his manure by putting in the green manure some loam, ashes and brine or salt not very strong. He cut his potatoes so that one as large as a hen's egg would be divided into three or four pieces, and put three pieces in a hill, the skin side up, in a triangle of about five or six inches apart. He then put a shovelful of the manure on the top of the potatoes. The result was that his potatoes yielded at the rate of from eight to twelve hills to the bushel of good market potatoes. He told me he took good-sized potatoes to plant. The potatoes he raised were large enough—would average as large as turkey's eggs. I shall try it, and if any of your readers would like to do the same, you may give them a chance.—*New England Farmer.*

THE CALVING COW.

It is often of much importance to the owner of a valuable cow, to know the exact time when she will give birth to her calf. Some years since an old stock breeder gave to the writer instructions in *touching*, which have been verified by practice.

By touching the cord, or cartilage which connects the point of the rump with the back bone, for several days before, and five or six times each day before the cow calves, one will find that what seems to be bone, softens before the cow is in labor. If upon touching the point mentioned, the herdsman finds the *cords* begin to feel soft, or relax, he may be sure the cow will, if everything be favorable, calve *within* twelve hours. If the cord is all gone, and nothing to be felt but skin and very soft flesh, she will calve within six hours.

A little practice will enable any breeder to know whether he must *sit up* with his cow or not. In my own herd there has not been for years a calf born, that I have not helped up, or given such assistance as the case might require.—*American Stock Journal.*

TO KEEP TIRES TIGHT ON WHEELS.—The following, if reliable, will prove valuable. A correspondent of the Southern Planter says:—"I ironed a wagon some years ago, for my own use, and before putting on the tires I filled the fellies with linseed oil; and the tires have worn out and were never loose. I ironed a buggy for my own use, seven years ago, and the tires are now as tight as when put on. My method of filling the fellies with oil is as follows: I use a long cast iron oil heater, made for the purpose; the oil is brought to a boiling heat, the wheel is placed on a stick, so as to hang in the oil, each felly one hour, for a common sized felly.

"The timber should be dry, as green timber will not take oil. Care should be taken that the oil be not made hotter than a boiling heat, in order that the timber be not burnt. Timber filled with oil is not susceptible of water, and the timber is much more durable. I was amused, some time ago, when I told a blacksmith how to keep tires tight on wheels, by his telling me it was a profitable business to tighten tires, and the wagon maker will say it is profitable to him to make and repair wheels, but what will the farmer, who supports the wheelwright and smith, say?"

WHEN TO TURN OUT COWS.—It is best to turn out stock early for several reasons. One is, that from the 10th of May to the 10th of June, is the best feed month in the year. Another reason for turning out as the grass gets started is, that the stock does better than if kept up until the feed is rank. In the latter case they scour badly, while if turned out early they do not scour at all, and after a few days they will eat hay again. Many cows are injured, and some spoiled, by turning them from hay to rank clover. Not only does the stock do better, but the pasture yields more feed. By turning out early the cattle go into the low places, where the grass starts first, and eat them down, instead of leaving them to go to seed—as they will if plenty of better grass is to be had. The poor grass if fed down early, starts up fresh, and will again be eaten and kept fed down through the season.

GOOD OR ONIONS.—A writer in one of our exchanges *has great faith in the efficacy of a peck of onions for ridding cows or oxen of lice.* He claims to have found them an infallible remedy in his practice. They also give a tone to the stomach, and are especially valuable in hot weather, when working cattle will lie in shade at noon-time, and refuse to eat.

Useful Receipts.

TO PREVENT DOGS FROM GOING MAD.—Mix a small portion of the flour of sulphur with their food or drink, through the spring months. This is practiced in Europe to prevent the disease from breaking out among the packs of hounds which belong to the English noblemen, and is said to be a certain preventive.

HARD UP FOR INK.—Put a couple of iron nails into a teaspoonful of vinegar. In half an hour pour in a tablespoonful of strong tea, and then you will have ink enough for awhile.

TO MAKE PAPER STICK TO A WALL THAT HAS BEEN WHITEWASHED.—Make a strong brine of salt and water, heat it boiling hot, then take a broom and scrub the wall with it. When dry, put the paper on as you would on a new wall, and it will stick quite as well.

Or, wash the walls with strong vinegar, previous to putting on the paper, and I'll guarantee your paper will stick "closer than a brother."—*Rural New Yorker.*

LEMON PIE.—Seven lemons, four soda crackers, one pound white sugar, one and a half ounce butter. Grate the lemons entirely down, and extract every seed, soften the crackers in a cup of hot water, mix all the ingredients, and stir well together. The above quantity is sufficient for four pies.

A NICE WAY TO COOK CHEESE.—Cut a quarter pound of cheese into small slices, and boil a minute in a teacupfull of water; beat one egg and one tablespoonful of flour together, adding gradually one pint of milk, pour into the boiling cheese and stir, which after a few minutes cooking is fit to serve for a supper relish.

SPANISH BISCUIT.—Mix ½ a pound of sugar and 6 ounces of butter together, add 3 eggs, and when well beaten add ½ of a pint of milk or water in which is dissolved ½ of an ounce of saleratus; work this well in, and flavor with extract of lemon, then add 14 ounces of flour; work it in well, then drop the dough on greased pans, in small lumps, a little distance apart, flat them slightly, and bake in an oven, hot enough for bread.

CHILDREN.—Hard be his fate who makes not childhood happy; it is so easy. It does not require wealth, or position, or fame; only a little kindness and the tact which it inspires. Give a child a chance to love, to play, to exercise his imagination and affections, and he will be happy. Give him the conditions of health, simple food, air, exercise, and a little variety in his occupations, and he will be happy, and expand in happiness.

The Riddler.

RIDDLE.

Two things that Heaven for blessings meant
To mortals here below,
Have proved, e'er since they first were sent,
The source of all our woe.

But mark the fickle state of man;
These things that so annoy,
Have proved e'er since the world began,
The source of all our joy.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oregon saw geting heng.	Nora told me Hubb.
Sal do get a pen shu.	Ran A Rebar.
Can Almes.	Sam hoen pait.
Has she kasp.	Hen be vote.
Cub man ban jenna.	La! no soul in ape.

K. K. K. City, Ill. O. P. E.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose an eagle 100 miles east of Philadelphia, and another eagle 80 miles north of Philadelphia, and a large hawk at Philadelphia. Suppose they all commence flying at the same time. The hawk flies north-east at the rate of 20 miles an hour, the eagle east of Philadelphia flies at the rate of 50 miles an hour, and the eagle north of Philadelphia flies at the rate of 40 miles an hour; both eagles flying (direct) towards the hawk all the time. Required in what time will each eagle overtake the hawk, (what will be the nature of the curves) and how far will each eagle fly, and what distance will the hawk fly? W. K. GONDY.

Springfield, Ohio.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the letter B like a hot fire? Ans.—Because it makes oil boil.

☞ What money brings the most substantial interest? Ans.—Matrimony.

☞ What figure is that which if cut in two becomes nought? Ans.—The human figure.

☞ If an army be divided into six parts, and each of these again into seven parts, what quality would the army possess? Ans.—Fortitude (Forty-two'd.)

☞ What word is that which, if you take away the first letter, all will still remain? Ans.—Hall.

☞ Why are hoops like church towers? Ans.—They surround the bells (belles.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—John Charles Fremont. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Felicia Dorothea Hemans. RIDDLE.—A pump. CHARADE.—Fox chase. ANAGRAMS.—Northumberland, Northampton, Montour, Montgomery, Lycoming, Lebanon, Cambria, Potter. MENTAL QUESTION.—4 cows, 12 hogs, and 36 sheep. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.—135 acres.

RIDDLE. Corresponding words for each line.

The noblest object in the world of art,
E ffect.
The brightest gem that nature can impart,
D iamond.
The point essential in a lawyer's case,
I mpression.
The well known signal in the time of peace,
N ear.
The farmer's prompter when he drives the plough,
B reast.
The soldier's duty and the lover's vow,
O bedience.
The planet seen between the earth and sun,
V enus.*
The prize that merit never yet has won,
R eward.
The miser's treasures and the badge of Jews,
G old.
The wife's ambition and the parson's dues,
H onor.

Now, if your noble spirit can divine,
A corresponding word for every line,
By the first letters quickly will be shown,
An ancient city of no small renown.

Ans.—Edinburgh.

* V represented U. See Latin grammar.

N. B.—The above is an answer to the celebrated Anne Seward's Riddle in the POST of Dec. 3, 1859.

Springfield, Ohio. W. K. GOUDY.

We give two other answers, of course they cannot all be correct.

RIDDLE.	ANSWER.
The noblest object in the world of art,	C ompass.
The brightest gem that nature can impart,	A miableness.
The point essential in a lawyer's case,	P roof.
The well-known signal in the time of peace	P lenty.
The farmer's prompter when he drives the plough,	A bundance.
The soldier's duty and the lover's vow,	D evotedness.
The planet seen between the earth and sun,	O rion.
The prize that merit never yet has won,	C ontentment.
The miser's treasure and the badge of Jews,	I ncome.
The wife's ambition and the parson's dues,	A pproval.

Now, if your noble spirit can divine,
A corresponding word for every line,
By the first letters quickly will be shown,
An ancient city of no small renown.

CAPPADOCIA.

The noblest object in the world of art,
A rchitecture.
The brightest gem that nature can impart,
L ight.
The point essential in a lawyer's case,
E vidence.
The well-known signal in the time of peace,
X (ones.)
The farmer's prompter when he drives the plough,
A bundance.
The soldier's duty and the lover's vow,
(c) N durance.
The planet seen between the earth and sun,
D ay star.
The prize that merit never yet has won,
R ighteousness.
The miser's treasure and the badge of Jews,
I tinerant.
The wife's ambition and the parson's dues,
A uthority.

I have now endeavored to divine
A corresponding word for every line,
By the first letters of which will be shown,
That ancient city of no small renown—

ALEXANDRIA.